

Edgar Family Started Ronceverte

Capt. Thomas Edgar Built His Home at St. Lawrence Ford

BY GEORGE W. MCCLINTIC.

Thomas Edgar was born in Bedford County, Virginia, on the 27th day of September, 1750. His father was George Edgar, and his mother was Elizabeth Edgar. Just when he came to Greenbrier County is not clear to me, but I do know he was there as early as 1780. He then held the very important office of County Surveyor. In those days a County Surveyor was appointed by the president and professors of the College of William and Mary, but each one was usually recommended by the County Court of the County. This office required a real mathematical education.

The following appears in the record book of Greenbrier County:

"At Court of Quarter Session Begun and Held for the County of Greenbrier August 17, 1784; Thomas Edgar comes into court and resigns his office of surveyor of the county; whereupon the Court recommended, according to law, Alexander Welch to the Honorable the President and Professors of the College of William and Mary as a proper person for such office."

As the celebration of the 160th anniversary of the formation of Greenbrier County shows, the county was formed in 1776, and it seems that Thomas Edgar was the first Surveyor of Greenbrier County.

One of his notable acts as such Surveyor occurred under an Act of the Legislature of Virginia, passed in 1783, which ordered Captain Thomas Edgar to survey a forty-acre square for a town out of the heart of the Savannah, and call it "Lewisburg."

It is not generally known to this generation that the territory now Lewisburg apparently was once a lake. There were no trees on that part called the "Savannah." No clearing was necessary, unless for the purpose of clearing out a greater or less thicket of small brush, such as hazelnut, thorn and willow bushes. Around this territory the forest trees were thick, but they ceased abruptly at the high-water mark of the ancient lake bed.

Captain Edgar did survey a forty-acre square, and the square was divided into half-acre lots and sold. The original trustees of the Town of Lewisburg, of which Thomas Edgar was one, were ordered to withhold the title to a lot until the purchaser had built a cabin fifteen feet square, with a stone chimney. It is said that Captain Matthew Artuckle bought one of these lots and built his cabin as a nucleus for the town.

Thomas Edgar lived four miles from the Town of Lewisburg on the lands upon which the City of Ronceverte now stands.

In the record of Greenbrier County Court as of February 17th, 1797, the following then appear thereon:

"Thomas Edgar requests the County Surveyor to re-survey his lands whereon he now lives at St. Lawrence."

The writer of this article wonders if that is when the name of the St. Lawrence Iron & Manufacturing Company, which is now operated at Ronceverte, came.

Thomas Edgar married Ann Mathews, daughter of Archer and Letitia Mathews, on the 18th day of March, 1788, and was born on the

18th day of October, 1760.

He was a trustee of Liberty Hall Academy, afterwards Washington College, now Washington and Lee University, in 1784.

Among the offices held by him in Greenbrier County was that of Deputy Sheriff under William Renick—High Sheriff, as he was called in those days. He was one of the Magistrates of Greenbrier County for a great many years. He was appointed by the County Court to perform a great many county duties. He was often on a commission to view a new road. He was appointed more than once on a committee to provide for the building of a county prison.

It was quite usual in those days for leading landed citizens to get licenses to keep what was then called an "ordinary." Later the word "tavern" was used, and still later the word "hotel" came into common use. I have seen orders of county courts which licensed persons to keep what was called, in those licenses, "places of entertainment." At least we can say that the "best families" were doing it, and many farmers and landholders got licenses for that purpose. The great immigration West in those days, and for a great many years afterwards, undoubtedly made this line of business, when well conducted, reasonably profitable.

It might not be uninteresting to say that in those days, and for many years afterwards, the County Court fixed the prices of lodging, meals, wines and liquors. A sample page wherein the Court fixed such things (in January, 1793) is as follows:

"Rate for ordinaries—lodging in feather bed, six pence.
Rate for ordinaries—lodging in chaff bed, four pence.
Wine per gallon—twenty shillings.
Whiskey per gallon—ten shillings.
Hay for horses, twenty-four hours, one shilling, three pence.
Oats per gallon—six pence.
Corn per gallon—nine pence."

Certainly these rates did not allow too much profit to the keeper of an "ordinary."

In the session of the Legislature of Virginia, begun October 18th, 1790, and ending December 29th, 1790, Thomas Edgar and William Hunter Cavenish were the members from Greenbrier County. The writer of this article mentions William Hunter Cavenish for the reason that in 1804 he became the husband of Alice Mann McClintic, the then widowed great-grandmother of this writer.

Thomas Edgar continued to be a very leading citizen, in every proper sense of the word, of the County of Greenbrier until his death, which occurred on the 15th day of July, 1822.

He was one of the executors of the estate of his father-in-law, Archer Mathews, who died in 1786. He looked after many public affairs in the government of the county, and continued as a member of the County Court.

Recently the city of Ronceverte honored his memory, and that of the Edgar family, by changing the name of the street called "Railroad Avenue" to "Edgar Avenue."

There is a tradition in the Edgar family that the lands at Ronceverte were granted to Thomas Edgar by res-

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(Continued from Page One)

son of his services in the Revolutionary War. This writer has never examined the records, but from his knowledge of the land laws of Virginia, he doubts very much whether he ever received anything more than possibly military warrants, as they were called. State land warrants were paid for at the rate of two cents per acre.

Dyer's Index shows that grants of land were made to Thomas Edgar, as follows: Four hundred acres Rich Creek in 1785; Two hundred seventy acres Rich Creek in 1788; One hundred forty-two acres Burns Creek in 1797; Eighty-three acres Spring Creek in 1809; Nine hundred thirty acres adjoining Holesapple in 1801.

All these grants were made in Greenbrier County. The same index shows that he had a grant of ninety-three hundred thirty acres of land Kanawha River, in Montgomery County in 1797.

The records compiled in the book called "Dunsmore's War" shows that Thomas Edgar was a soldier in the Battle of Point Pleasant on the 10th of October, 1774. The family tradition is that this was our Thomas Edgar. This writer has not had the time or opportunity to look up the records of what is termed the "Revolutionary War," and details cannot be given of his service therein.

The children of the union of Thomas Edgar and Ann Mathews Edgar were:

ELIZABETH EDGAR, born July 8, 1796;

LETTIE EDGAR, born July 24, 1788.

SARAH EDGAR, born Oct. 4, 1790.

MARY EDGAR, born July 11, 1792.

LEWIS EDGAR, born Jan. —, 1795.

THOMAS EDGAR JR., born the 29th day of August, 1797.

ARCHER MATHEWS EDGAR, born July 2, 1799, and

ANN M. EDGAR, born the 31st day of March, 1803.

Of the children named above, Elizabeth Edgar married a Mr. Brown and died in Gainesville, Alabama, on June 21st, 1865.

Mary Edgar married Arthur Walkup, and she died on the 12th day of July, 1818, leaving one daughter, Ann Eliza Walkup.

Lettie Edgar married James Withrow, died on the 9th day of June, 1834. The children of her marriage with James Withrow were James, John, Edgar, Mary, Lucy, Maria, Margaret, Elizabeth, Virginia, Sarah and Lettie. Two children of this marriage, to-wit, James and John, became very leading citizens of the town of Lewisburg.

James Withrow Jr. married Mary Jane Kincaid, and had a large family of children, all of whom have passed away except his daughter, Mrs. Annie Montgomery, who lives in Frankfort, Kentucky, and his only descendants living in the County of Greenbrier are James Withrow and Nancy Withrow Burns.

Sarah Edgar married Mr. Morris, of Cherokee County, Kentucky, and the writer is not advised as to any descendants.

Lewis Edgar died on the 10th day of August, 1798.

Thomas Edgar Jr. married Eliza Broun. He died on the 20th day of March, 1841, at Nashville, Mississippi. He left descendants: Colonel George Mathews Edgar, Mrs. Ann Edgar Broun, Mr. Kate Edgar, and James Thomas Edgar, all born in March.

George Mathews Edgar was born on the 1st day of March, 1837, and died on the 10th day of October, 1913. He married Rebecca Fry on the 14th day of November, 1867. The children of this union were: Gertrude Douglass, who married Dr. John T. Van Sant, of Kentucky; Elizabeth Randolph, who married Judge Orman Somerville, of Alabama; George Thomas Edgar; John B. Edgar; Russell Bliss Edgar, and Graham Edgar.

George Mathews Edgar was a Confederate soldier, the Colonel of the well known, in the Greenbrier Valley, Edgar's Battalion. He was recognized as a very brave soldier, and he fought in many battles. Two local notable ones were two engagements defending Lewisburg—one in 1862 and the other in the spring of 1863; and he was credited, in both instances, with saving the town from destruction.

He was awarded a handsome sword by the ladies of Lewisburg. His battalion rendered valuable service in the Battle of New Market. He was especially conspicuous for gallantry in the Battle of Cold Harbor.

The courage and efficiency of Col. Edgar was attested by various reports of superior officers, which are to be found in the records of the War Between the States.

Miss Kate Edgar never married, and lived to the extreme age of ninety-three years.

Mrs. Ann Edgar Randolph married Dr. Thomas Randolph, of Hopkinsville, Kentucky, and after his death she became a missionary to China and Japan for twenty-two years, for the Southern Presbyterian Church. In her comparatively old age she returned to the United States and lived, for many years, at the Presbyterian Home in Fredericksburg, Virginia, and died there in March, 1901.

Archer Mathews Edgar married Nancy H. Pearls in Giles County, Virginia, on the 25th day of January, 1832. Their children were Henry Clay Edgar, born on the 3rd day of January, 1832, and who died in infancy on the 20th day of October, 1833.

Elizabeth Ann Edgar was born the 17th day of November, 1834, and married Lewis S. Creigh on the 4th day of January, 1860. She died on the 10th day of September, 1897. They had one son, Alfred Edgar Creigh.

Alfred Mallory Edgar was born on the 10th day of July, 1837, and died in 1913. He was a soldier in the Confederate Army, and held the rank of Captain of a company. He was in many battles and ranked as one of the bravest of soldiers.

He married Lydia McNeel on the 16th day of June, 1875. They lived in Pocahontas County. The children of this marriage were Della Howe Edgar, who married Frank Raymond Hill; Elizabeth Bee Edgar, who married Dr. Harvey Winters McNeel; Allen Penick Edgar, who married Caroline Crouch; George Pearls Edgar, who married Laura Callison, and Rachel Ann Edgar, who married Moffett McNeel.

Caroline P. Edgar was born the 17th day of December, 1839, and married George Perry. Their children were William Richard Perry and—

Thomas Howe Edgar was born on the 20th day of March, 1842. He was never married. He died on the 25th day of February, 1904.

Della Dangerfield Edgar was born on the — day of May, 1867, and died un-

married on the 10th day of December, 1870.

The last child of Thomas Edgar and Ann Mathews Edgar was Ann Mathews Edgar. She was born on the 31st day of March, 1893. She married Sampson Lockhart Mathews, and died on the 11th day of August, 1870. The only child of this marriage was Mary Ann Mathews, born on the 31st day of October, 1826. She was married on the 14th day of June, 1853, to William Hunter McClintic.

The children of this marriage were Lockhart Mathews McClintic, born on the 12th day of April, 1890; Edgar Daggs McClintic, born on the 14th day of March 1861; Henry Hunter McClintic, born on the 18th day of June, 1862; Withrow McClintic, born on the 22nd day of April, 1894, and the writer of this paper, George Warwick McClintic, born on the 14th day of January, 1866. All of whom, except the last named, have passed away.

Alfred Edgar Creigh was long a leading citizen in the city of Ronceverte, in the business world and in his church, and was very well known and respected in the whole of Greenbrier County. He married Minnie Betts, who is still living. The children of that union were: Edgar Betts Creigh; Lewis Stuart Creigh; John Pereston Creigh; David Betts Creigh; Sarah Ide Creigh; William Betts Creigh; Elizabeth Edgar Creigh; Thomas Frederick Creigh; Charles Stuart Creigh; Samuel Finley Creigh, and Alfred Edgar Creigh.

Two of these have passed away, to-wit: John Preston Creigh and David Betts Creigh. The others have scattered, and are respected citizens in various parts of the United States. Four of them were soldiers in the World War at one time, and I well remember Alfred Edgar Creigh wearing, with pride, the emblem of four stars.

The above tells, in a small way of the life of a man who was very prominent in Greenbrier County from the time of its making to the date of his death in 1822. It is written without giving to it the time and attention to details that his life deserves.

He was buried in the graveyard adjoining the Old Stone Church in Lewisburg. His widow, Ann Mathews Edgar, survived him thirty years, and was buried in the same graveyard in 1852.

Many other Edgar connections came to Greenbrier County, and lived and died there, the most notable one being Mary, sometimes called "Polly," Edgar, who became the wife of Joseph Mathews and who was the grandmother of Governor Henry Mason Mathews and Captain Alexander Ferdinand Mathews. Thomas Edgar's descendants have a right to feel proud of this ancestor, knowing that in his lifetime he was a useful citizen, respected and trusted by the people of Greenbrier County.



CAPTAIN THOMAS EDGAR

Born in Bedford County, Virginia, Sept. 27, 1750, died at his home at St. Lawrence Ford (now Ronceverte) July 15, 1822. A leading citizen in the early history of Greenbrier, he was the first Surveyor of the county; was ordered to lay-out a forty-acre square for the Town of Lewisburg, created in 1782, and was one of the original trustees of Lewisburg, appointed by the Virginia Assembly. About 1793, Capt. Thomas Edgar built his home near St. Lawrence Ford (the first house in what is now the City of Ronceverte, upon lands granted him earlier by the King of England. The old Edgar home was located along the stream that parallels Frankford Road, about the present site of the former Bowers Drug Store building. A marker, just completed, indicates the spot, and will be dedicated Saturday, June 18th, at 9:30 a. m., with Judge George W. McClintic, of Charleston, as the speaker, and who is a distinguished descendant of the Edgar family.



ANN MATHEWS EDGAR



THE EDGAR HOME IN RONCEVERTE.

The old Edgar home passed from that family into the hands of Colonel C. C. Clay, the founder of Ronceverte. When it was built cannot be definitely established, but the above picture was probably taken when it was the home of Colonel Clay. The next owner was the late Colonel Ellery C. Best, manager of the St. Lawrence Boom & Manufacturing Company. Colonel Best enlarged and improved it extensively, adding a story and various other additions, including the inevitable round tower so favored in the architecture of the mansions of that time.

Much as the Bests improved and enlarged it, it is said to contain in its structure in places today some of the timbers of the original Edgar home.

When the Bests lived there, and that was from the middle 1880s until several years after the turn of the century, the home called "Edgerton" was one of the popular centers of the social life of Ronceverte. It was an establishment lacking nothing for that time, with ample stables and horses, grooms and attendants. Some of the original property was sold by one of the later owners, but still a spacious place, it is the present home of the prominent Ronceverte merchant, Mr. J. J. Townley and family.



Mary Ann Mathews McClinton, wife of William McClinton
mother of

Lockhart M. McClinton
Judge George McClinton
H. Hunter McClinton

Edgar McClinton
William McClinton



L. M. M^c Clintie and Allie Seavin M^c Clintie
 Parents of
 Mary M^c Clintie Hench
 John Hunter M^c Clintie
 George M^c Clintie (Dodie)
 Alice M^c Clintie Moore

Married.

At the Huntersville Hotel, Wednesday morning Dec. 5th, Mr. L. M. McClintic and Miss Allie Slaven were quietly united in the holy bonds of matrimony; Rev. Wm. T. Price officiating.

The attendants were Miss Minnie Gammon of Odessa, Mo. and Miss Lizzie Ligon of Clover Lick, Mr. Harry Patterson, of Huntersville and Dr. McClintic, of Edray.

The bride looked very sweet in a handsome costume of tan colored cloth elaborately trimmed in golden brown plush and brown and ecru braid.

Miss Gammon was becomingly dressed in an olive green Duchess satin, prettily trimmed in bronze green huckle braid.

Miss Ligon's costume was a dark blue silk, extensively ornamented with bronze huckle ornaments.

The groom and groomsmen wore the conventional black dress suits.

After partaking an excellent breakfast the bridal party proceeded to the home of the groom, where a splendid reception was held.

The bride is well known in society circles as a most charming and beautiful lady, and the groom, is to be congratulated in winning such a fair and worthy bride.

The groom is one of Pocahontas' most promising young men. The majority he attained at the recent election to the office of Prosecuting Attorney, is an evidence how he is honored and esteemed in this county.

May their life be as bright calm and serene as their wedding day, and may prosperity and happiness ever attend them.

AN OBSERVER.



L. M. McClintic Home in Marlinton



L. M. McClintic Home in Marlinton
Allie Slaven McClintic and
daughter Mary McClintic Home

McClintic-Slaven.

The marriage of L. M. McClintic, Esq. and Miss Alice Slaven, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Randolph Slaven, was celebrated Wednesday morning 5th, inst. No exact. Wm. T. Price officiating minister. The attendants were Misses Minnie Gammon, of Missouri and Lizzie Ligon, of Clover Lick, along with Messrs. Dr. McClintic, of Edray and Harry Patterson, of Huntersville. This auspicious event in the society of our town passed off in a very quiet and appropriate manner, and it was difficult to realize that the couple are young persons, so well known and highly respected were being solemnized. W.





John Hunter McClinton



George McClinton
(Yordie)

Children of

L. M. and
Allie Slaven
McClinton



Mary
McClinton



Alice McClinton



Lockhart M. M^r Clinton

Allie Slaven M^r Clinton



Bischoff Bros

EXTRA
FINISH

Minneapolis,
Kas.



George
(Dodie)



John Hunter



Mary Hunter George

This is Dodie

A four year old Marlinton boy heard the news about the pulp mill discussed a lot and he seemed to take an unusual interest in the conversation for so young a child. He finally ran to his mother and asked her, "What do they want a Pulp Factory for, mama? I thought everybody had all the pulp they wanted!"



Allie Slaven



Allie Slaven Mrs. Clinton

Searching for eggs in the thymus
 killing the bacteria etc
 feeding on the bacteria
 well many a young tough
 commencing in January you will see
 swimming at between tent
 the there is a hearing
 and mother is constant

This was written by Mrs. Allie
Mr. Clinton's mother, Mrs. Margaret
Woodward Leavenworth.



Allice S. McClinton

Mrs. McClintic Surprised On Eightieth Birthday

With eyes gleaming happily through a mist of joyful tears, and in a voice giving evidence of her emotion, Mrs. L. M. McClintic was forced to retract a boast that she could not be surprised when members of her family and friends gathered unexpectedly in honor of her eightieth birthday on Friday, April 10, at the home of a daughter, Mrs. N. J. Moore.

Atty. J. Hunter McClintic, a son of Charleston, arrived here, presumably to visit his mother, and as a result of carefully-laid plans, he took her away from home and kept her interested while arrangements were completed and guests were assembling.

Upon her return home, the scene had undergone such a change that in her momentary confusion Mrs. McClintic did not even recognize her

daughter, Mrs. S. N. Hench, who was wearing a spring flowered crepe dress and a corsage of red roses, and who met her mother at the door. Other guests who had arrived were gathered in the sitting room.

Large bowls filled with jonquils and forsythia were placed here and there throughout the house, and in the library were red roses, a gift from George W. McClintic. The dining room table was covered with a lace cloth, and bore a center bouquet of the spring flowers, along with trays of sandwiches, cookies and white mint. Mrs. Moore, seated in a two-piece floored blue crepe spring dress, looked after the entertainment of the guests. Mrs. John A. Sydenstricker and Mrs. Hench poured, and Mrs. Frank King and Mrs. A. P. Edgar assisted with the serving. Mrs. Richard Curran and her two lovely daughters, Mary Jarvis and Nancy Ward Curran, registered the guests. Two card tables were laden with the many gifts received by the honored guest.

Mrs. McClintic, who came to Marlinton to live in 1894, was born during the Civil War at Arbovale in this county in a dwelling known as the William Brown home.

Those who attended were:

Mrs. J. A. Sydenstricker, Mrs. Z. S. Smith, Mrs. O. G. Olsen, Mrs. Ada Slavin, Mrs. Ed Richardson, Mrs. M. L. Coyner, Mrs. J. A. McLaughlin, Mrs. C. B. Moore, Mrs. Pearl Yeager, Mrs. Jack Richardson, Gertrude K. Richardson, Grace Hull Yeager, Anne Lee Irvine, Mabel M. Hudson, Mrs. J. M. Ashcroft, Mrs. June McElhiney, Mrs. Adam Baxter, Mrs. Tilden Brown, Mrs. G. M. Irvine, Mrs. L. C. McCutcheon, Mrs. George W. Brown, Mrs. Paul Anderson, Mrs. Frank McLaughlin, Mrs. C. A. Reamer, Mrs. L. S. Cochran, Mrs. E. H. Williams, Mrs. Beube McNeill, Miss Edna Thomas, Mrs. Aubrey Ferguson, Mrs. Anna Thomas, Mary Y. Kierulff, Mrs. E. L. Penton, Mrs. Frank King, Mrs. Frank McLaughlin, Mrs. Hyatt Callison, Mrs. O. N. Miles, Mrs. W. A. Browning, Aunt Lula Hill, Mrs. P. T. Ward, Bessie McClintic, Mrs. Mark S. Wilson, Alice K. Jackson, Gladys Sharp, Mrs. Mary E. Moore, Mrs. Fred Allen, Mrs. Lewis Gay, Cathleen Vaughan, Polly Gay, Ada Harold, Mrs. E. B. Patterson, Mrs. Grace Lang, Mabel Lang, Mrs. Fred Gehauf, Mrs. E. G. Harold, Sis Harold, Mrs. E. A. Harold, Carrie C. Edgar, Elizabeth E. McNeel, Helen Burner Nottingham, Anne E. King, Elizabeth Hill, Nancy McNeel Curran, Nancy Ward Curran, Mary Jarvis Curran, T. S. McNeel, J. A. Sydenstricker, S. N. Hench, Mrs. E. C. Smith, Mrs. W. A. Bratton, Mrs. Paul Mason, Mrs. Charles Brown, Mrs. Lillian Smith, Mrs. N. L. McNeel, Rebecca Hill, Josephine Brumby, Mrs. J. C. Buckley, Mrs. Lary Clark, Mrs. Ed McLaughlin, Mrs. S. H. Sharp, Susan Gay, Mrs. J. H. McNeel of Hillsboro, Mrs. W. E. King, Mrs. J. V. Coyner, Beulah Coyner, Mrs. Lavinia Coyner of Cloverdale, Mrs. Mrs. William of Minnehaha Springs, Mrs. James Bear, Mrs. Adolph Conner, Mrs. E. S. Smith, Jr., Penny Smith, Mrs. C. W. Price.

BIRTHDAY PARTY

Last Wednesday was the birthday of Mrs. L. M. McClintic. On April 10, 1862, she was born, the daughter of the late John Randolph and Margaret Wood-dell Slaven. So, a party was given by Mrs. McClintic's daughters, Mrs. S. N. Hench and Mrs. N. J. Moore, at the McClintic home in Marlinton. The guests were Mrs. G. M. Irvine, Mrs. N. C. McNeil, Mrs. Pearl Yeager and little Miss Lockhart Moore. It was a gala occasion; an evening well and pleasantly spent, going over the times of former years as well as the things of the interesting present.

Mrs. McClintic has spent practically her entire life in her native county of Pocahontas. She states it is Pocahontas for her up to her last day. She mingles with friends and neighbors; keeps a lively interest in the activities of her home town and her church. She enjoys the best of health, going about as actively as ever. Frequently she walks down town to shop, to attend various business matters, and the services of her church.

Birthday Celebration

Mr. and Mrs. S. N. Hench gave a birthday dinner Sunday April 10, to Mrs. L. M. McClintic, mother of Mrs. Hench. Mr. and Mrs. J. Hunter McClintic, of Charleston, were among the guests. Mrs. McClintic received many congratulations and messages of love from members of her family and from friends, wishing her continued good health and many years of usefulness in the community where she has spent the greater part of her life. This good woman is a daughter of the late Randolph Slaven and his wife, and was born at Greenbank, later removing to Huntersville where she was married to the late L. M. McClintic, and when Marlinton was made the county seat they removed here, where Mrs. McClintic maintains her home.

The day was spent quietly, and, according to their custom, the family and their guests attended services at the Presbyterian Church, where Mrs. McClintic holds her membership. This community holds Mrs. McClintic in high esteem and affection, and her friends and neighbors are glad to have her home again after her absence in Charleston during the winter. All united in welcoming "Cissy" back to the old home.

Deaths

Mrs. Allie S. McClintic

Mrs. Allie Slavin McClintic, aged 89 years, widow of the late L. M. McClintic, died on Saturday, September 29, 1951, after an illness of several weeks.

On Monday afternoon, her body was laid to rest in the family plot in Mt. View Cemetery. The service was held from the Presbyterian Church by her pastor, Rev. R. P. Melton. She was the oldest member of the Marlinton Presbyterian Church.

The deceased was born at Arbovale on April 10, 1862, the daughter of John Randolph and Margaret Wooddell Slavin. She was the last of her father's female to be called. On December 5, 1888, she became the wife of Lockhart Matthew McClintic, who preceded her in death April 12, 1928. They are survived by their son, John Hunter McClintic, of Charleston; Mrs. Mary Hench and Mrs. Alice Moore of Marlinton, and one grand-daughter Lockhart Moore. A son, George Lockhart, died at the age of twelve years.

Thus is noted the passing of an outstanding life of usefulness and beauty as a daughter, wife, mother, neighbor and Christian.

MRS. L. M. MCCLINTIC.

Mrs. Allie McClintic, 89, widow of Lockhart Mathews McClintic, former prominent attorney of Pocahontas county and brother of the late Federal Judge George W. McClintic, died Saturday afternoon, Sept. 29, 1951, in the hospital at Marlinton. She was a native of Pocahontas county and spent her life there. Surviving are her son, J. Hunter McClintic, a prominent attorney of Charleston; two daughters, Mrs. S. N. Hench and Mrs. N. J. Moore, and a granddaughter, Miss Lockhart Moore, all of Marlinton. Her funeral was held Monday afternoon at the Marlinton Presbyterian Church, of which she was a member. Burial followed in Mountain View cemetery.

GEORGE A. CHAMBERLAIN



not as good of hunting of food after clothes on

Thary Mc Allie, S. Hunter
Hench Mc Clintic Mc Clintic

Sudden Death of Mrs. M. P. Slaven.

Our whole community was thrilled with sad surprise last Wednesday afternoon, February 25th, by the unexpected death of Mrs. M. P. Slaven, relict of the late Randolph Slaven of Huntersville, W. Va., in the 65th year of her age. During the day she seemed unusually well and had partaken of a hearty dinner. Late in the afternoon she had gone to the wood-shed to feed her chickens and was found in a sitting posture with a half-shelled ear of corn in her lap. When her little grand-daughter Mamie came to her she tried to speak, but expired almost immediately thereafter.

Her two sons in Kansas received the sad news by telegraph, and immediately started for West Virginia. Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Slaven arrived Saturday at noon by way of the Hot Springs, and Guy Slaven Saturday night from Ronoeverte.

The interment took place on Sunday last at Huntersville where, notwithstanding the almost unprecedented severity of the weather, a large concourse of sympathetic friends followed her to her last resting place. The burial services were conducted by Rev. William T. Price assisted by Rev. J. M. Anderson. The pall bearers were Captain E. A. Smith, Uriah Bird, Esq., Colonel Levi Gay, E. D. King, Thomas C. Courtney, W. J. Killingsworth, and Andrew Price.

We know of no one who has made herself more necessary to her loved ones or who will be more sincerely missed and mourned by her large circle of friends. The highest type of womanly and christian character was exemplified in her life. She was permitted to live to see all her children occupying useful and honorable positions in life, and her last years have been peaceful and happy, her path made smooth by the hands of her loved ones. Devotion to others was a second nature with her, and one always felt that it needed but "Grandma" Slaven's presence to make all seem homelike and comfortable. While her sudden death was a shock hard to be borne by her friends, it was infinitely merciful so that she knew no pain or bodily distress.

Memorial services will be held next Sunday at Marlinton.

A sketch of her life is being prepared and will appear next week.

Father of
Allie Slaven
McClintic



Margaret Priscilla Woodliff Slaven

Born Oct. 31, 1831

Died Feb. 8, 1899

Mother of Allie Slaven

McClintic

Memorial Notice.

At the Huntersville, W. Va., West Virginia, on February 25th, 1899, at 12:15 minutes to 2 p. m. John Woodliff Slaven, Esq., died peacefully in the 67th year of his age, after an illness of eight weeks.

This gentleman was widely known in Pocahontas and elsewhere as the life proprietor of the Huntersville Hotel.

He was born June 14th, 1830, in Pocahontas, West Virginia, of a traveling people. His parents were Jacob and Eleanor Slaven, persons greatly esteemed as worthy people, and who reared a very large family of sons and daughters.

It was the writer's pleasure to be acquainted with several members of this excellent family, and more pleasant or attractive persons he has never met anywhere in the United States. To a visitor at the old home in the Upper Trust, it seemed one of the happiest of households. The parents and children appeared so attached to one another.

In early manhood, the deceased was most happily married to Miss M. P. Woodliff in the vicinity of Green Bank. This estimable lady survives her lamented husband, along with two sons, Oscar and Guy, and two daughters, Mrs. E. J. Brown and Mrs. L. M. McClintic. Changing homes, the peace of war at their threshold; removal to the West and returning; sickness and death of children among strangers rendered their married life at times sad and eventful.

In the earlier stage of the disease, a generous affection of the stomach, of which he died, Mr. Slaven's sufferings were excruciating, but for the last few weeks he was comparatively comfortable and his mind unclouded.

After having received a message from him, went at once to his bedside. Mr. Slaven expressed a desire concerning his spiritual condition, intelligently and very fully. It was very satisfactory, indeed, to hear in his audible and joyful voice, a solemn, steady, repeated voice, setting forth purely scriptural reasons for the hope he cherished of salvation. "All I can do is take to the sinner's place and receive the sinner's salvation" is among his remembered words.

The writer testifies that these words came from his heart, and by so doing our deceased brother committed his spirit to Jesus in such a way as to identify his salvation with the truth of the Savior's word, which endures forever.

No wonder our suffering, dying brother should as his sorrowing wife testifies, "bear his sickness and suffering with the greatest of patience, never murmuring or complaining at times." Nor is it to be wondered at his last audible words, "Be ye faithful, glory, glory, glory."

By his request, his minister and life-long friend, W. T. Jones, conducted the memorial services on Friday the 27th. The service was from these words, "For God hath not appointed us to wrath, but to obtain salvation by our Lord Jesus Christ, who died for us, that whether we wake or sleep, we should live together with him." (1 Thess. 5:9.)

Obituary 1930
 Omer Randolph Slaven, aged 70 years, died at his home in Hutchinson, Kan., on Sunday, November 4, 1930. His death was not unexpected as he had suffered a number of paralytic strokes. His body was buried in Hutchinson.

O. R. Slaven was the son of the late Randolph Slaven of Pocahontas county. His mother's name was Woodhull. He was born at Greenbank, May 25, 1860. His sister is L. M. McClintic of Marlinton. His wife was Miss Etta Kuhn, who with their two children, Mrs. Emerson Carey, Jr., of Hutchinson, Kansas, and Mrs. Albert Teed, of Beverly Hills, California, survive him. Upon attaining his majority, Mr. Slaven went West. He soon rose to a commanding position in the cattle business. He was prominent in the stockyards of Hutchinson, and his operations extended into Kansas, Colorado, Texas, and other states. Mr. Slaven was a member of the Presbyterian church and a Mason.



Omer R. Slaven

Brother of Mrs. Allie Slaven M^c Clintic

DIED

Omer R. Slaven, 70, one of the earlier cattle commission men of this section of the state, died yesterday morning at the family home 12 Sixth Ave east following an illness of three weeks duration, the result of a stroke of paralysis. The funeral will be held tomorrow afternoon from the home with Rev. H. T. Scherer in charge. Interment will be in Fair-lawn cemetery.

Mr. Slaven was born in Pocahontas county, West Virginia, on May 25, 1860. He came west Iowa in 1882 later to Nebraska and went to Ottawa county, Kansas in 1887 where he was connected with the J. W. L. Slaven Co. Packing company, of Kansas City the first industry of that sort there.

The family moved to Hutchinson in 1890 and this has continued to be the family home since. Here he became engaged in the cattle commission business, was interested in ranch land and in 1902 bought and operated the Union Stockyards which he was in charge of up to a few years ago.

He was married in 1888 to Miss Etta Kuhn who together with two daughters, Mrs. Albert Teed of Beverly Hills, Calif., and Mrs. Emerson Carey, Jr., of this city survive. One sister also survives, Mrs. L. M. McClintic of Marlinton, W. Va., who spent some time here last winter.

Mr. Slaven was a member of the Presbyterian church, and of the Masons, Shriners, Knight Templars and Elks lodges. Interested in the city which he made his home over thirty years ago, Mr. Slaven took an active part in its affairs. His business and his home however were the two vital facts in his life and he spent the greater part of his leisure time in his home, where his friends knew him best.

Out of town friends who will be here for the services tomorrow will be Mr. and Mrs. Otto Schmidt of Salina; Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Dean and Mr. and Mrs. Kemper Adams of Wichita. —Hutchinson News

S. L. Brown

PONTAS COUNTY WEST

S. L. BROWN

Samuel L. Brown, aged 83 years, for fifty years Clerk of the County Court for Pocahontas county, died at Marlinton, on Sunday, June 17, 1934. Over a year ago he suffered an attack of heart disease. Some months since there was recurrence of the trouble and he left his office never to return. Burial in the Huntersville cemetery on Tuesday afternoon beside the grave of his wife. The funeral services were conducted from the Marlinton Presbyterian Church by Rev. S. H. Lapsley. The pall bearers were members of the board of deacons: J. A. McLaughlin, E. F. McLaughlin, E. H. Wade, W. L. Davis, J. M. Bear and Ed Smith, Jr. The honorary pall bearers were fellow county officers and members of the session of the Marlinton church: H. H. Hudson, M. C. Smith, Keith Nottingham, R. W. Burnard, Neal Nottingham, Howard McKiwee, A. P. Edgar, T. S. McNeel, R. B. Slaven and Calvin W. Price.

Mr. Brown was born at Greenbair, August 22, 1851. He was the son of the late William L. Brown; his mother's name was Benworth. During the war the family refuged to Cumberland county, where they spent nine years. Mr. Brown is survived by his step-mother, one half-brother, Tilden Brown, two half-sisters, Mrs. T. H. Patterson and Mrs. W. A. Gladwell and a step-brother, W. W. Arnsperg.

Mr. Brown married Miss Josephine Slaven, daughter of the late Randolph Slaven, of Huntersville. She predeceased him thirty-two years, lacking three days.

Away back in the early eighties Mr. Brown came to the county seat at Huntersville as deputy for the late John S. Beard, clerk of the courts for Pocahontas county. In 1884, he offered for the office of clerk of the County Court and was elected. In every election since then, with but one exception, an appreciative people re-elected him to the office.

Forty-two years ago Mr. Brown came to Marlinton when the county seat was moved here.

In religion Mr. Brown belonged to the church of his fathers, the Presbyterian. For years and years he had been an officer of that church, and had many times served as Elder.

His death was sudden, but his memory will be most universally beloved here. It was his delight to serve his fellow men. The long and useful life of this truly good man exemplified the value of character and education in living and of good repute.



A Reunion.

Mrs. Oscar and Guy Slaven, sons of the late Randolph Slavin, Esq., of Huntersville, are now living in Kansas. These gentlemen, with their families, are visiting their Pocahontas friends and relatives at the present time.

On Christmas day a very pleasant reception was tendered them by their mother, Mrs. M. P. Slavin, and Mr. and Mrs. L. M. McClintie, with whom she makes her home. Mr. and Mrs. S. L. Brown and Mrs. J. H. Patterson were also present. For the first time in several years Mrs. Slavin and her four surviving children thus enjoyed a delightful reunion, as rarely occurs in the history of families, or could be more enjoyable, when all the circumstances come to be considered.

Mrs. Slavin is not only endeared to her sons and daughters as one of the most devoted and self-sacrificing of mothers, but she is more-over held in highest esteem by numerous relatives and acquaintances for all the qualities of mind and heart that constitute a model lady. Her life's history has been one of changes, blended with pleasant scenes and sorrowful vicissitudes; yet in reference to it all her testimony is that goodness and mercy have followed her all the days of her life. The memories of the recent reunion will be fondly cherished by her as an emblem of a final reunion that makes the future very pleasant and hopeful.

Wife of
Josephine Slaven Brown

Josephine Slaven Brown
wife of S. L. Brown
sister of Allie Slaven
McClintie

B I R T H S.

John Randolph Slavens was born at Traveler's Repose, W. Va., June 14, 1830
Margaret P. Slavens was born at Green Bank, West Va., October 3, 1831.

C H I L D R E N.

Mary Josephine Slavens was born at Traveler's Repose, W. Va., June 9, 1853.
Jacob Lucius Nov. 5, 1856.
John Randolph Oscar Slavens near May 25, 1860.
Rev. Charles
Nannie Alice Slavens born .. Green Bank, .. April 10, 1862.
Oliver Stewart October 8, 1865
William Warwick Traveler's Repose .. Nov. 23, 1867.
Guy Lockridge near Green Bank, .. June 23, 1871.

D E A T H S.

William Warwick Slavens died at ~~Rebster~~ *Huntersville*, West Va., April 25, 1869.
Jacob Lucius Slavens May 1, 1869.
Oliver Stewart Slavens May 9, 1869.
John Randolph Slavens Huntersville, West Va. on the afternoon
of February 20, 1869.
Margaret P. Slavens died suddenly at Marlinton, West Virginia, about 5
o'clock, P. M. on February 8, 1899.

M A R R I A G E S.

John Randolph Slavens and Margaret P. Wooddell were married at Green -
Bank, West Virginia, August 12, 1852, by the Rev. J. N. Eaken.
S. L. Brown and Mary Josephine Slavens were married near Green Bank, W.
Va., December 12, 1872, by the Rev. Joseph Crickenberger.
John Randolph Oscar Slavens and Etta Kuhn were married at Youngstown, O.
November 20, 1866, by the Rev. Amos N. Craft.
L. H. McClintie and Nannie Alice Slavens were married at Huntersville, W.
Va., December 5, 1866, by the Rev. William T. Price.
Guy Lockridge Slavens and Mae D. Clements were married at Beatrice, Neb.
October 26, 1883.

Twenty-Fifth Commencement and Centennial Reunion.

PROGRAMME.

SUNDAY, JUNE 11th.
 Baccalaureate Sermon,
 REV. T. L. PIERCE, D. D., RICHMOND, VA.
 Annual Address before the Y. M. C. A.,
 BY REV. FRANCIS P. SCHMAY, D. D., LEXINGTON, VA. 11 A. M.
 1 P. M.
MONDAY, JUNE 12th.
 Meeting of the Alumni Association,
 Contest for Medal in Oratory, 3 P. M.
 8 P. M.
TUESDAY, JUNE 13th.
 Address before the Alumni Association,
 CHAS. A. BOWEN, A. M., LIBERTY, VA. 11 A. M.
 Trivial Orator, 8 P. M.
 HON. E. SILLON, A. M., EASTON, MD.
WEDNESDAY, JUNE 14th.
 Trivial Reunion,
 ADDRESS BY
 HON. JESSE PAUL, M. C., HARRISONBURG, VA.
 PROF. L. B. BULLARD, A. M., HENRYS, VA., AND
 A. D. BAXTER, A. B., MOUNTAIN VIEW, VA.
 Annual Address before the Literary Societies,
 HON. JAMES AUBURN, L. L. D., FREDERICKSBURG, VA. 11 A. M.
THURSDAY, JUNE 15th.
 COMMENCEMENT DAY.

If say fact,
 to the Chairman of the Faculty.
 Very Respectfully,

R. C. Holland
 Chairman of Faculty.

DEAR Sir,

I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 10th inst. in relation to the Twenty-Fifth Commencement and Centennial Reunion.

I am, Sir, very respectfully,
 Yours truly,
 R. C. Holland

Algebra	Geometry	Trigonometry	Calculus	Physics	Chemistry	Botany	Zoology	Astronomy	Geology	History	Political Economy	Philosophy	Psychology	Physiology	Medicine	Law	Theology	Education	Art	Music	Language	Literature	Science	General
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25



Lockhart M. McClinton

Pocahontas Co. Courthouse



H. M. McClinton's home



Law Office of Rock M. Clinton



Hunting Camp
on
Williams River



"Let us show you"



"Sun Rise"

Some recollections of a Summer trip
to Cranberry in the long ago
and some other thoughts.

The memories of that good old way,
Come trooping up in bright array.
The start from "Lewisburg" with hack and team
It all seems now like a vivid dream.
The ride to "Frankfort" in the cool fresh air
Of the early dawn, and breakfast there,
We're off again at the crack of the whip,
With many a jest and merry quip
"Rahick" and "Spring Creek" are left behind,
And some time about, high noon we find
Ourselves a tired and hungry group,
Reaching "Sislers" at the foot of "Droop"
A rest in the shade, the team well fed,
Then dinner with nine kinds of "spread",
And all sorts of things to eat of the kind
Which thrifty house-wives somehow find,
Heaped up in dishes of mammoth size,
Before we learned to Hooverize.
Then over "Droop", the "Levels" pass'd through
We turn "Mill Point" and soon come in view,
Of the place which ends our first day's ride,
Where welcome and good cheer abide.

-----0-----

The start next morning, brought into play,
The skill of tying things on so they'd stay
A pack saddle looks like the old saw buck,
And holds like a bull dog full of pluck,
If the load's secured with the proper stitch
Known out West as the "Diamond Hitch".
Loading camp outfits on horses, to go
Over mountains, is some job, you must know
And failing to tie packs on just right,
They'll fall off before you're out of sight.
I see those packs now, all bound with rope,
As the pack train ascends the "Gentle Slope",
Fitching and swinging from side to side,
Yet holding as tight as the horse's hide

Our order and place, required some heed,
So "Joe" and "Kitty's Colt" took the lead
A place we willingly accorded "Joe"
Who was sometimes just a trifle slow,
And two things happened sure as fate,
If "Joe" got behind, supper was late
The troubles thus missed, would fill a book
For one brought the kitchen, the other was cook
Joe once said -- 'twas a real "Irish bull" stunt -
"I kept up all right when I steps in front".



From "Billy Sod", we climb to "Barlow Top",
 And there for rest and lunch we stop,
 Four thousand feet above the sea, and more,
 With startling views to please the eye, galore.
 Then on through forests, so wild and rough,
 That the going there was bad enough,
 Yet there we had the wonderful sight,
 Of Nature in primeval plight,
 Spread before us in all her glory,
 Beyond description, in this short story.
 Reaching "Red Run" we quenched our thirst,
 And mixed a drink, though it wasn't the first.
 Following the path, so dim and shady
 It leads us down to the waters of "Glady",
 Then to the "Forks" in time to make camp,
 Without the aid of Lantern or lamp.
 In time also, for a mess of fish,
 Of those spotted beauties--a royal dish--
 Quickly caught in the nearby pools,
 By skillful use of the anglers tools,
 Oh, what a place for camping out!
 With three ways to go for the wary trout,
 Fresh meat was scarce for the very good reason,
 That venison was not then in season.
 But what of that. The luscious blackberry,
 Grew right at hand in Camp Cranberry.
 And pies. Oh my! the "Chef" knew to a dot,
 What ought to go in and what ought not.
 He baked a pie of such wondrous size,
 Too big for the crowd, one might surmise.
 But to tell the truth, when dinner was o'er,
 There wasn't enough left to spot the floor.



It ended all when the lumbermen came,
 The trout disappeared and so did the game.
 Gone are the stately Hemlock and Pine
 Which grew so tall and straight and fine.
 Everything's gone which gave the place charm,
 And the weird "Hoo Hoo" of the Owl's night alarm
 As it echoes back from some deep abyss,
 Seems to ask "Who's responsible for this?"
 The answer old bird, I'll give to you,
 It's just one word, "Lumberman", that's who.
 The Lumbermen and the things they do
 Have spoiled the fishing and hunting too.
 They cut and destroy with furious haste,
 And leave the mountains a desolate waste,
 Of tree tops and young trees torn and cleft,
 Then comes the fire and takes what's left.
 "Hoo Hoo, is it lumbermen, say you?"
 Yes Lumbermen, that's who, that's who.



MEMORIAL TO L. M. MCCLINTIC

At a meeting of the Bar Association of Pocahontas County held on the 14th day of April, 1928, Andrew Price was appointed to prepare a tribute to Hon. L. M. McClintic, who departed this life April 12, 1928.

Thereupon Mr. Price addressed the association as follows:

Lockhart Mathews McClintic, for forty three years a member of the bar of Pocahontas County, was born April 12, 1860, and departed this life April 12, 1928, aged sixty eight years.

He was an able, honorable and upright man and a leader and chieftain of the mountains among which he spent his long and useful life.

He first saw the light of day in the village of Millpoint, W. Va. the oldest of a family of five sons. He came from a long line of Scotch-Irish ancestry. The pioneer was Alexander McClintic who settled in America in the year 1725 bringing with him his family including a son named William McClintic. This son came to Bath County, Virginia, about 1766, and he had a son named William McClintic, a soldier of the Revolution, who was the father of Moses McClintic, who had a son William Hunter McClintic. William H. McClintic married Mary Ann Mathews, the only child of Sampson Lockhart Mathews of Pocahontas County. Mrs. William H. McClintic was a great grand daughter of Major Jacob Warwick of the Revolution and a direct descendant of Col. Sampson Mathews, a colonial county lieutenant of Augusta County.

The five sons of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. H. McClintic were the subject of this memorial, E. D. McClintic of Seattle, Wash. Hunter McClintic, deceased, Withrow McClintic of Pocahontas County, and Judge George W. McClintic, of Charleston, federal judge.

L. M. McClintic was married in 1888 to Miss Alice Slavens at Huntersville, one of Pocahontas County's fairest and most amiable daughters. There were four children, Miss Mary M. McClintic, and Miss Alice McClintic, and Captain John H. McClintic, of Charleston, W. Va. A young son, George, who greatly resembled his father was the victim of a very distressing accident about twenty years ago from a horse, and died as a young boy.

Lock McClintic as he was known far and wide grew up on a farm. He was trained to farm work. He was tall and broad and hardly knew the limit of his own strength. He was devoted to the woods and was a noted hunter and fisherman as well as a close student of nature, and his love for the woods and streams was never abated through life. He was as much at home in the camp as he was in court.

His people were large landowners and engaged in farming and stock-raising, but it was realized that the love of learning that early developed in the sons called for educational facilities that were hard to provide in that day and time. So the family moved for purposes of schooling the sons to Salem, Virginia, to give the boys an opportunity to attend Roanoke College. It was here that they received the academic education that was well supplied by that ancient institution and Lock and Judge McClintic then took their law courses at the University of Virginia.

L. M. McClintic qualified to practice law in Pocahontas County October 23, 1888, and immediately attained an important practice which he maintained for more than forty years. He held many places of trust and importance but his eminence is due more to his proficiency in the profession of the law. He was a deep thinker, a wise counsellor, and an able advocate.

He was a giant in size and to the casual observer of a rather stern cast of features, but I have always noticed that little children saw him as he was and went to him without a fear. As a matter of fact he had a tender heart and a keen insight into the problems of youth and many remember his kindness and consideration, to them in the days of their youth. I am not so much younger than he but I owe him the memory of such kindness. I remember the first time that I saw him. I was a young boy and I stepped to him and shook hands with him, and I do not think I ever did that as a boy to any other stranger. When I came to

the bar, he had been practising for seven years and was prosecuting attorney of Pocahontas County. Some law suits gravitated to me. I had never been about a county seat. I had an idea that lawyers were natural born enemies of each other. The suits that had been entrusted to me were highly embarrassing for it has been said that if the blind lead the blind that disaster will overtake both. I took my courage in my hand and laid my problems before the older attorney and he showed me how to go on with them and in a short time I got more insight into the intricacies of the law than much schooling the universities could have given me. A slight rebuff at that time would have turned me away from the noble profession, and I have tried to live up his example with younger men ever since.

In passing it should be mentioned that a strong trait in his character was an inborn hate of cant and hypocrisy. He would get all there was out of a set of circumstances called a law suit, but he never advocated any measure or opinion that he did not fully believe and this gave him a high standing with the judges of the court, and without exception the courts have shown the utmost confidence in the honesty of his convictions. He was not much in the habit of classical quotation but he lived true to one of them, and that is an honest man is the noblest work of God.

He was exceedingly fond of reading. I mean by that the literature of yesterday and today. He was a close student of law with a very extensive library, but in his hours of ease he read continually and appreciated the beautiful thoughts of ancient and modern writers, and this greatly broadened and brightened his life.

I cannot go into infinite detail in this tribute. A book would not contain the noteworthy facts of his life. The imperishable records of the counties of West Virginia hold ample evidence for the work of any historian of the future who would write his life.

He was the senior member of the bar. The president of a great local bank. And elder in the Presbyterian Church. A Mason of many years standing. A kind and indulgent husband and father. A good friend. A worthy adversary. An honest man.

"Rich in saving common-sense,
And, as the greatest only are,
In his simplicity sublime.
O good gray head which all men knew,
O voice from which their omens all men drew,
O iron nerve to true occasion true,
O fallen at length that tower of strength
Which stood four-square to all the winds that blew!
Such was he whom we deplore.
The long self-sacrifice of life is o'er."

On motion adjourned.

N. C. McNEIL, President.

A. P. EDGAR, Secretary.

It is ordered that the foregoing Memorial be spread upon the Law Order Book of this Court.

S. H. SHARP, Judge.



Children of Jack and Allie Mc Clintie



Mary



Mary

George (Fordie)
Hunter
Mary



Hunter
Mary
Fordie



The Faculty and Senior Class
 of
 Lewisburg Seminary
 request the honour of your presence
 at their
 Commencement Exercises
 May twenty-first to twenty-sixth
 nineteen hundred and nine
 Lewisburg West Virginia

Carnegie Hall

Invitation to
 Mary's graduation
 at Lewisburg
 Seminary

1907

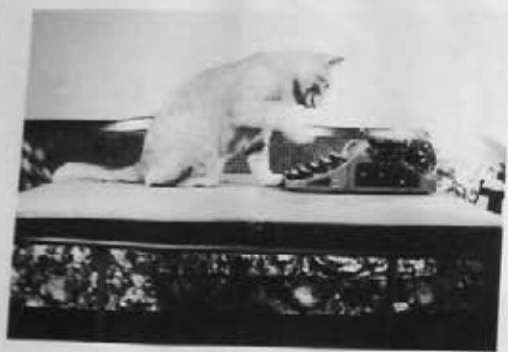


Mary Margaret McClinton 17 yrs.
and her sister
Alice Josephine - 3 yrs.

Ann Jarvis Edgar Mary M^c — Alice M^c Clintie



Reuben, Mary's cat



Mary's husband, Sam Henck



Mary
M^c Clintie
Henck



The Hencker Home - It was formerly
J. M. M^c Clintie's law office, before an addition



S. N. HENCH

Samuel Nixon Hench, 77, of Marlinton died Wednesday, Nov. 22, 1961 in Huffer's Nursing Home in Sinton, Va., where he had been a patient two years.

Mr. Hench retired in 1940 after serving as superintendent at the Marlinton tannery. He also was general agent for the John Hancock Insurance Company.

A son of the late L. A. and Alice Hench, he was born June 6, 1874, at Pleasantville, Pa.

He received his education in Pennsylvania and was an elder in the Presbyterian Church for 64 years. He was given the congregational honor of Elder Emeritus in 1957 in the Marlinton Presbyter-

ian Church, the first in the history of that church.

Survivors are his wife, Mrs. Mary McClintic Hench; a brother, Norman Hench, of Augusta, Ark.; a half-brother, Thomas Hench of Charleston; and two sisters, Mrs. Florence Hammer of Bedford, Pa., and Miss Ken Hench of Pittsburgh, Pa.

Funeral services were conducted at 2:30 p.m. Saturday in the Marlinton Presbyterian Church with the Rev. W. E. Pierce in charge. Burial was in Mountain View Cemetery where graveside rites were under the direction of Marlinton Lodge No. 127, Ancient Free and Accepted Masons.

Mrs. S. N. Hench

Mrs. Mary McClintic Hench, 82, of Marlinton, died Sunday, February 18, 1973, at the Denmar State Hospital after a long illness.

Born at Huntersville July 7, 1890, she was a daughter of the late Lockhart and Allie Slavens McClintic.

She was a member of the Marlinton Presbyterian Church and an active Sunday School teacher for many years, and was a retired deputy county clerk.

Her husband, Samuel Nixon Hench, and two brothers, George and John Hunter McClintic, preceded her in death.

Survivors include one sister, Mrs. Alice McClintic Moore, of Buckeye, and one niece, Mrs. Lockhart Moore Wyman, of Gahanna, Ohio.

Funeral services were held Tuesday morning in the Van-Resen Funeral Home Chapel by the Rev. Willis Cornelius, with burial in the Mountain View Cemetery.



Birthday party for Mrs. L. M. McClinton, held by her son, Hunter & his wife Jennie in
their
home
in
Graham.



Hunter - World War I





Look Allie Alice Hunter Dennis Mary





Marquette Dennison M^c Clintie
and her husband,
Hunter M^c Clintie

Dodie and his chickens



Dodie



Hunter McClinton, son of L. M. & Allie Slaven Mc



The Jefferson Republican newspaper carries in each issue a Personality of The Week. Last week's issued featured a story about Miss Cart Lee Gardner Strider, Deputy Sheriff of Jefferson County, who has the distinction of being the first woman in West Virginia to serve in that capacity. The story was quite interesting and we're sorry we cannot reprint all of it. Miss Strider is a sister of Mrs. L. N. Strider of Clover Lick. Another personality of the last week — and one of our own — was M. L. M. McClinton of Marlinton. The Charleston paper contained a headline story relating that Mr. and Mrs. Hunter McClinton had entertained 30 house guests at an open house at their home on Kanawha Avenue in honor of Mr. McClinton's mother (Mrs. L. M.) who was celebrating her 81st birthday, and Mrs. Hunter McClinton's father, J. A. Denison of Stevens Ala., who was celebrating his 81st birthday.



Hunter and his wife, Dannie



S. N. March, Dannie, Jack Moma
Back row - Mary, Lottie Moore, Alice Moma
Hunter

Tributes for
George (Dodie) Mc Clintie

GINTA, JUNE 8, 1900

FATALLY INJURED.

Young Son of Hon. L. M. McClintie Dies as
Result of Fall from Horse.

The entire community was greatly shocked last Tuesday morning when the report was circulated that George McClintie, son of Hon. L. M. McClintie, was dead. Very few knew that he had been injured the day before and even those who knew were not acquainted with the seriousness of the injury.

Exactly how the accident happened no one is prepared to say. He, with his older brother John and Paul Yeager were in swimming in the early part of the afternoon and about two o'clock they started home. George was riding a horse and his two companions were walking some distance behind and out of the way. The two boys heard the running and on coming out the road they found George lying on the ground. He was carried to the house and doctors were summoned. An examination showed that after falling from the horse it had stepped on him with two of its feet and death was caused by internal injuries and hemorrhaging. Death occurred about ten o'clock Tuesday morning.

George was a very quiet boy and was the idol of his parents and all who knew him. He was just entering his thirteenth year, having passed the twelfth milestone of his life last January. Funeral services were conducted at the Presbyterian church Wednesday afternoon by Revs. Wm. T. Price, D. D., G. W. Nickell and Geo. P. Moore. As a mark of respect all the business houses were closed during the hour services were held and a large congregation was present at the church. The floral tributes were numerous and very beautiful. The service in which the deceased was laid out showing the sympathy of the entire community toward his sorrowing relatives.

A Memorial Tribute

Tuesday, June 5th, 11 a. m. 1900, George, second son of Hon. L. M. and Mrs. Allie McClintie, Marlinton W. Va., died in the 12th year of his age, at the home of his parents. On Monday he was thrown from his horse, receiving the injuries that terminated fatally. With heroic fortitude, George endured his sufferings and was calmly self possessed to the latest moments. He assured his devoted mother with his last remembered words that he was praying, and that he wanted everybody to be good. It was a touching instance when the person apparently most in need of consolation, should himself become the comforter, bringing to mind such Bible words as these. "But I would strengthen you with my mouth, and the solace of my lips should assuage your grief." Job, 16:5. As the tidings of George's death went abroad, the entire community, old and young were seemingly convulsed by sorrowful regrets, and the manifestations of heartfelt sympathy were deeply impressive. During the time occupied by the memorial exercises all business was suspended, and an immense audience assembled in and about the church, from far and near. The services were conducted by pastor G. W. Nickell, opened by Rev G. P. Moore and Wm T. Price. The immense procession attended the remains to the Marlinton Cemetery, the Pall Bearers being selected from George's young friends and schoolmates. The floral tributes were varied, exquisitely arranged, and too numerous for special mention. Of the hundreds who were present at the burial, none will ever forget the thrilling scene, of that sunset hour, and its tearful associations. Instead of sinking fast, the "latest sun" seemed to pause, and with beams of golden splendor, to point out silently but eloquently the way the ministerial angels on their snowy wings, had borne the redeemed soul of our much loved young friend. How may it be with us all, that when life's tedious day is over

May its departing ray,

In Memoriam.

Lines written to the memory of young George L. McClintie who was mortally hurt by a favorite horse, and soon after died on June fifth 1900, aged twelve years and five months.

Only a boy, and a fair young boy,
With promise of life in view;
So active of limb, so bright within,
So pleasant of face and true.

He moved about among us here,
We met him from day to day;
He sat with the children at the school,

And joined with them in play.
The sun shone on the paths of his years.

With never a cloud between;
But storms can blacken the bluest sky.

Then, Alas! how changed the scene.

A mortal hurt on a summer day,
And the gloom of darkness fell;
Unaven conflict with Death to win
And sadness Ah! who can tell?

But that youthful spirit rose up high,

And words of sweet comfort cast,
Such words as are treasured sacredly,

As long as this life shall last.

His simple religion, to be "good,"
What more can the wisest teach?
"I've prayed, Mamma," and we surely know,

That prayer did Heaven reach.
"Tell all the people they must be good,

"They must love the Lord and pray:

"And Mamma don't you cry so much,

"For I shall be well today."
And in the best sense the boy grew "well."

No more to suffer pain;
And nought that this earth can bring of harm

Should trouble him again.

His broken form was gently laid
'Neath the summer sod to rest;
But his happy soul had burst the bonds,

For the holy and the blessed.

A. L. P.



Alice



*Sometimes valuables are thrown
in the waste basket - by mistake.*

Once when Alice had done
something she shouldn't
have her father said "Alice,
if you do that again I'll
have to let your mother
spank you."



Alice with her mother and father



Alice with Hunter
and her mother



Alice
3 yrs. old



Alice and her father



dear Santa Claus.
 I want you to bring me a big
 Teddy bear, and a ball.
 and I want you to bring me
 a doll, and a monkey
 that will climb a rope
 and one or two books
 and a jewelry box and a
 little knife, and a game
 of marbles
 Alice M. Clinton

Alice M. Clinton



West Virginia University

Sixtieth Annual

Commencement

Tuesday, June the Seventh
NINETEEN HUNDRED AND TWENTY-SEVEN
TEN O'CLOCK, A. M.

THE METROPOLITAN THEATRE
MORGANTOWN, WEST VIRGINIA



St. Mark's Cathedral
in
Venice

Taken when Alice went with a tour group
to Europe.



While Alice was visiting Hunter and Fernie in Charleston
this picture appeared in the Gazette -



Marlinton High School Faculty



Alice, Allie & Lockie



Bottom Row -
Ella Pritchard -- Alice McMorris
Top Row --
Arnold Yeager, Principal
Edith May
Francis McElwee



Lockie



Junior Sponsors at a Prom
Alice -- Francis McElwee



Alice and Jack



Back row - Guthrie McClinton - Hunter Mc
 Middle row - Mary Henech, Alice Moore, Betty Mc
 Bottom row - Locke Moore Wynnon



Alice and Paddy

Jack Moore,
Alice's husband



Here's Diddy... ¹⁹⁷²

By Diddy Mathews Palmer

The conversation began with a weather discussion and ended, after a more-or-less logical progression of topics, on the subject of English teachers.

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"The weather forecasts printed in local newspapers baffle and fascinate me," someone said. "Like the one this morning, The Gazette reported that there would be 'rain changing to chance of snow'. If rain can change to 'chance of snow,' then what IS 'chance-of-snow'? It sounds to me as if 'chance-of-snow' is an intermediate element that falls from the sky after the rain stops and the real-McCoy snow starts..."

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THIS REMINDED somebody else in the group of a book he was reading. "Speaking of weirdly-worded sentences, why do so many writers fall into the misplaced-modifier trap? This book I'm reading, written by a Charleston author, is full of misplaced modifiers. For example, the author says 'Jane spent all evening talking to people on the telephone that she hadn't seen in 30 years'... As I read it, the character in the novel hadn't seen the telephone in 30 years. Why had someone hidden it from her for three decades?"

And this reminded another person of her father's all-time favorite fouled-up sentence—one that he had read somewhere many years ago... "The day that the party was to be held that night dawned auspiciously."

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FROM THE subject of poorly-constructed sentences, the conversationalists jumped to words and mispronunciation. Somebody said he had recently heard a TV actor pronounce "halcyon" as "hally-con"... And another said that in the current TV production of "Elizabeth R", the actress Glenda Jackson consistently uses the dictionary-silenced "t" in the word "often"... And another said it bothered him that no one ever pronounced the word "jodhpurs" right, invariably transposing the "h" and the "p" to pronounce the word "jod-fers" instead of "jod-pers"....

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So off went a letter to Alice, dutifully relaying the above compliment and urgently requesting further information about her activities and whereabouts.



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Subject: Alice McClintic Moore

"If you write anything about me, please do not brag me up as you were doing in your letter", Alice writes from her home at Buckeye, Pocahontas County, West Virginia. "And don't you dare say I was 'the best English teacher Charleston High ever had', as you said in your letter. If you do, I'll drive down to Charleston and BITE you, so there."

"I was not so good a teacher as many others I can name", she continues. "Miss Jo Mathews, Miss Katie Belle Ahney and Miss Pearle Knight all were teaching at CHS when I was and they all helped me in many ways. And every year I taught, I learned a little more about how to teach."

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ALICE GRADUATED from West Virginia University (where she roomed with a Charlestonian, the late Florence Lakin Deveny), taught in Marlinton for a year and then at CHS from 1928 to 1935. She married Jack Moore and moved to Morgantown.

"The year our daughter Lockhart, our only child, was born we moved to Marlinton and soon after that, I went back to teaching, at Marlinton High School," she said. I continued to teach there until June, 1966, when I retired, but continued to substitute there until last fall."

Lockhart was named for her grandfather, Lockhart Mathews McClintic, a brother of the late Judge George McClintic of Charleston. She is now Mrs. Bostwick Wyman, wife of a mathematics professor at Stanford University in California. Alice says that a friend once commented that it was undoubtedly the first time in the history of the world that a first-name Lockhart ever married a first-name Bostwick.

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AS FOR their present activities, Alice and Jack are now obviously enjoying retirement. "We are both well and busy", she wrote. "We have three dogs, we feed birds, squirrels, rabbits, trout (Swago Creek flows through our backyard) and - inadvertently - a few raccoons and possums. Most of the time we stay at home, but we have flown to California to see Lockhart since she's been there. I think of myself as a very active woman... I walk dogs on the mountain, swim in Knapp Creek, work a large vegetable garden and, of course, keep house for Jack."

Alice also reads the Gazette every day. She says "I am a great admirer of L. T. Anderson and I also like James Dent and Miss Mary Walton. I've only one complaint about the Charleston paper: they need a proofreader for their Cryptogquip in the Sunday Magazine. Last week, a letter was omitted in a word, and the week before, two words should have been one."

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The Charleston Gazette * Tuesday, March 7, 1972

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The Charleston Gazette * Tuesday, March 7, 1972

Alisa at school -



Alice and Jack's home



N. J. Moore

Norbert James (Jack) Moore, 75, of Route 1, Buckeye, died Thursday, February 12, 1976, in the Pocahontas Memorial Hospital. He had been in ill health the past year.

Mr. Moore was a retired employee of the Department of Highways.

He was a member of St. Catherine's Catholic Church at Roncoverte.

He was born near Kane, Pennsylvania, May 26, 1900, the son of John and Laura Weaver Moore.

Surviving him are his wife, Alice McClintic Moore, a daughter, Lockhart Moore Wyman, and two brothers, Marion and Harold Moore, preceded him in death.

Services were held at the VanHousen Funeral Home Saturday Morning by Father Edward McDermott with burial in Mountain View Cemetery.

Alice McClintic Moore

Alice McClintic Moore, 81, of Buckeye, died Saturday, March 29, 1986, in Allegheny Regional Hospital in Low Moor, Virginia.

She was a member of the Marlinton Presbyterian Church.

She was graduated from West Virginia University, Middleburg College, and Breadloaf School of English. She taught in Charleston High School from 1928 to 1935. She later taught in Marlinton High School, retiring in 1966.

Born November 7, 1904, in Marlinton, she was the daughter of Lockhart Mathews and Nannie Alice Slaven McClintic.

Preceding her in death were her husband, N. J. Moore, in 1976; their daughter, Lockhart (Lockie) Moore Wyman, in 1973; a sister, Mary McClintic Hensch; and two brothers, John Hunter McClintic and George Lockhart McClintic.

Her only survivor is her cousin, Elizabeth (Betty) McClintic, of Washington, D. C., and Swago Farms, Buckeye.

Graveside services were held at 11 a. m. Monday by the Rev. Richard Newkirk in Mountain View Cemetery.

Alice McClintic and Jack Moore's daughter

Lockhart, Mrs. Clintic Moore - 6 mos. old



Rockie, 1 yr. old





Lockie Moore





Lockie





Lockhart & Bostwick's
wedding



Bostwick's brother Alice, Betty, Bo sisters
Bostwick, Lockie, Jack, B's
mother.





Lockie
at
Wellesley



Lockie.
wearing
her
grandmother's
wedding
dress
(Allie
Slaven's
dress)

Maxlinton High School cheer leaders



Pat Sharp

Lochis

Janie Sharp

Barbara Bruemage





Lochie and Bostwick Wynne

ATTEMPTS

by

LOCKIE

I love the sultry heat of summer nights
and yet it lacks the power to drug my soul.
I grow more discontent; each breeze incites
my restive spirit to an unknown goal.

I know not my desires nor their strange force;
I think I search for things one never sees.
I pray I'll someday recognize their source;
Life holds too many unsolved mysteries.

I stand in wind. No longer tame,
My soul will soar from out my frame
To far beyond the struggling world.
It flies forever free--and then,
Despite the heights where it was hurled,
It silently returns again
As after day a flag is furled.

Unless imprinted on my brain
My memories will depart.
And yet, if certain things occur,
Despite time's tendency to blur,
They will return, just as before
Awakened in my heart.

I stand benumbed, completely still
And wonder where and when
This situation first took place.
Remembrance brings me face to face
With things death only can erase--
Though they may fade again.

You feel you understand yourself
But I am filled with doubt.
For turbulence can rule within
While calm is seen without.

You think yourself inscrutable
But I for one can see
Myself in you, and how confused
I know us both to be.

Between unlike emotions
Division's never great.
Too often blind devotions
Are intertwined with hate.

Pain's woven tight with pleasure
And courage born of fear;
Hard laboring and leisure
Are varied, yet not clear.

When all these things I ponder
I'm thankful for my breath
because I can but wonder
How close life is to death.

You say I am bound for perdition,
And that I deserve endless hell.
Do you judge by your own damned condition?
When did you come to know me so well?

It's useless to blame and abuse me.
When you purse up your lips and you nod
I can laugh. Who are you to accuse me?
We will answer together to God.

Next Page

Mrs. B. F. Wyman

Mrs. Lockhart McClintie Moore Wyman, 32, died Wednesday, November 7, 1973, at her home in Gahanna, Ohio.

Mrs. Wyman was born in Morgantown August 13, 1941, the daughter of N. J. and Alice McClintie Moore.

She was a graduate of Marlinton High School and Wesley College with a Master's degree from the University of North Carolina, and further work on her doctorate.

Surviving her are her parents, of Buckeye, her husband, Boatwick F. Wyman, and a cousin, Miss Betty McClintie of Washington, D. C.

Services were held Sunday afternoon by the Rev. Willis Cornelius in the VanRensen Funeral Home Chapel, with burial in the Mountain View Cemetery.

Love--the most ephemeral of emotions
It comes, it surges, strikes its peak--
begins to fade.
Then suddenly, as storms abate, it dies,
Leaving only emptiness and discontent
Accompanied by some small amount of pain.

Some people strive for self esteem
Some fight for freedom's sake.
But I have battled nameless foes
With everything at stake.

My enemies are agony,
Blind rage beyond control.
So tell me not of earthly fights
When I've fought for a soul.

Lovely upheaval of slumbering life,
Bringer of beauty, new hopes and new dreams,
My spirit exults in thy power to end strife
To transform me like sunlight that glitters
and gleams
And flashes like diamonds on fast flowing
streams.

Perhaps in the future when youth has grown
dim
And I've had my full measure of pleasure
and pain
I'll write a new song to the fall; but this
hymn
I'll shout to the heavens till two breaths
remain
And stand laughing alone in the soft April
rain.

In Memoriam

George W. McClintic





Withrow M^c Clintie

His wife, Elizabeth (Bessie) Phillips
M^c Clintie



The many friends of Withrow McClintie were surprised to learn that he had taken unto himself a bride. He was quietly married to Miss Elizabeth Phillips last Wednesday at the home of the bride in the upper end of the county. An immense crowd was at the station Wednesday afternoon to see the bride and groom. A reception was tendered them at night at the home of his brother, L. M. McClintie, at this place.

Withrow m^r Clintie



Withrow
Daughter, Hester and friend



Withrow





THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1931

Withrow McClintic Is Called To Rest Here After A Long Illness

Withrow McClintic, Aged 67 Years Passes Away At Home Near Buckeye After Illness Of Several Months—Interment In Mtn. View Cemetery.

Withrow McClintic was born April 23, 1864, at the ancestral home of his grandfather, at Mill Point, Pocahontas county, the son of William H. and Mary A. (Mathews) McClintic, and died October 30, 1931. He came of a long line of ancestors, both paternal and maternal, prominent and distinguished in the history of state and church in Virginia and West Virginia. His parents moved to the farm at Buckeye in the year 1868 where the deceased grew to manhood and spent his life in the home in which he died.

He was united in marriage April 15, 1908, to Miss Bessie L. Phillips, of Arhvale in this county.

He made a profession of his faith in Christ at an evangelistic meeting held by the Rev. J. E. Flow, D. D., at Buckeye, and united with the Marlinton Presbyterian church, November 9, 1922. He was interested in the organization of a Presbyterian church at Buckeye and became one of the charter members of the Swann Presbyterian church which was organized, September 23, 1923, and was the first ruling elder elected by that congregation, and upon the dissolution of this church he returned his membership to the Marlinton church of which he remained a faithful member until his death.

He is survived by his widow, Mrs. Bessie L. McClintic, and one brother the Honorable George W. McClintic, Judge of the United States District Court for the Southern district of West Virginia, at Charleston. Three brothers have preceded him in death, Hunter H. McClintic of Buckeye, Edward D. McClintic, of Seattle, Washington, and Lockhart M. McClintic, of Marlinton.

Funeral services were held on last Saturday afternoon with interment in the Mountain View cemetery.

Bessie Phillips Mc Clintie



JANUARY 22, 1943

Deaths

Mrs. Withrow McClintie

Mrs. Bessie Phillips McClintie, aged 72 years, widow of the late Withrow McClintie, died on Thursday, January 15, 1943, after a short illness. On Saturday afternoon her body was laid to rest in Mountain View Cemetery. The service was held from the Presbyterian Church by her pastor, Rev. Roger P. Melton. This is marked the passing of a truly good woman, a life long christian and member of the Presbyterian Church.

Pallbearers were Beecher Meadows, Norval Pifer, Wayne Jackson, Frank Harper, Eugene Ammons and James Howard.

Flower girls were Mesdames Paul Gladwell, Mary Evans, E. H. Patterson, Jess McNeill, Beecher Meadows, Norval Pifer, Ralph Moore, and Miss Louise Smith.

The deceased was a daughter of the late Amos and Phoebe Kerr Phillips. Forty years ago she became the wife of the late Withrow McClintie. They are survived by their adopted daughter, Mrs. Bay McElwee. Of her father's family there remain her brothers, Joseph and James Phillips, both of Pennsylvania.

Robert (Bay) Mc Elwee, wife Hester Mc Clintie



and
son,
Gary
Mc Elwee

Hester Mc C. & Bay Mc Elwee
married by the Rev. J. - Wool. at
the Pres. Church on Oct. 10, 1942

Bay served in the Sea Beers
during W.W.II.

Their son Gary ^{David} was b.
Nov. 20, 1946. He married Sandra

Morgan and they live in
Winter Park, Fla.



Cook & Cooker on Barlow Top.

Judge M. S. Clintie
and
Joe Wilson
at camp

in any way.
He was a kindly man. His kindred
his neighbors and his friends else-
where had many evidences of the nat-
ural kindness of his heart.

He was a good son and a great help
in time of need to his family. As the
supporter and protector of his Father
and Mother in their old age and last
days and the helper and keeper of
young and dependent nephews and
nieces, he only showed in his quiet
way, that he was a man in every
good sense of the word.

In many days and weeks, which w
spent together in camp, in my house
or driving in conveyances, he was al-
ways courteous, always thoughtful of
other people's wishes or wants, and
always companionable and agreeable.

By reason of being engaged in hold-
ing a busy term of Court at Bluefield,
I was unable to attend the funeral
services. If the fates had permitted
my presence there, I would gladly
have borne testimony to all I had
said about as to this good man. I
could, out of the f
fession of my heart, have said in wor
which a cold type will not express.
A good man is gone. Peace to L.

Sincerely
Geo. W. McClintic

FROM JUDGE MCCLINTIC

Editor Times:

I wish to impose upon you and to
use some of your space to note the
death of Joseph Wilson my friend
and much companion for thirty-five
years, and to express an appreciation
of his life and his death.

1887, and

at age

A tribute to Joe Wilson,
a black friend of the
Judge.



CHARLESTON papers announce the coming marriage of Miss Ethel Knight to George W. McClintic, Esq., of the Kanawha bar, the ceremony to take place on the 19th inst. It will be a home wedding, witnessed only by the close friends of the contracting parties. Mr. McClintic is a native of Pocahontas county, a son of the late Wm. H. McClintic, and a brother of L. M. McClintic, of Marlinton. Miss Knight is a daughter of the late Edward B. Knight, of the Kanawha bar, and a sister of the present distinguished Charleston attorney of that name.

When they married in 1907, my father took my mother to the hunting camp for a couple of days to show her what it was like.

She never fired a gun in her life. The picture is a joke.

E. K. McClintic



Ethel Knight McClintic, wife of Judge George McClintic



Judge George and his daughter Betty

VERY SMALL TALK

By DIDDY MATHEW'S PALMER



FIRST MEETING -- It was 20 or 40 years ago when Guthrie McClintic made his first visit to his parents' native West Virginia to get acquainted with kinfolk in this state. This picture was taken during that first session in Charleston, which he mentions in his new book "Me And Kit." With him is the uncle who looked at him "as if a termite had burrowed into the clan," the late Judge George W. McClintic (center), and his cousin J. Hunter McClintic (right), whom he envied for his "unlinguist red automobile." Guthrie is now one of the country's leading theatrical directors, and the husband of actress Katherine Cornell.



Ellen, Betty & Hunter

Holds Last Court in Huntington



Judge George W. McClintic

HUNTINGTON, Sept. 11.—(AP)—Federal Judge George W. McClintic, for years the presiding jurist in the southern West Virginia district, disposed of 34 cases in holding his final term in Huntington. Another judge to be named by President Roosevelt hereafter will hold Huntington sessions. Judge McClintic will preside at terms in Lexington, Charleston and Bluefield. (AP Photo)

Our Judge McClintic

Judge George W. McClintic, of the Federal Court for the Southern District of West Virginia, held his last regular term of court at Lewisburg last week. His resignation was effective at the expiration of this term of court. He now takes a retired position on salary, subject to call whenever his service is required. Thus ends twenty years of outstanding service to the people of his Nation and State, as a true and just judge, able, efficient, merciful, worthy in every respect. What higher praise can be accorded to any man?

Judge McClintic is succeeded by Judge Ben Moore, of the Charleston Bar. He is fifty years old, and a native of Kentucky. He has high standing as a man and lawyer. He has had experience on the bench as Judge of the Court of Common Pleas and Domestic Relations for Kanawha County. The report is that Judge McClintic had much to say as to whom his successor would be. If this be so, and I believe it, I desire no higher recommendation of Judge Moore.

While it is a proper ambition for any lawyer to desire to top out his career in public service as a judge on the bench, I will now confess to the feeling of disappointment I had twenty years ago when the President appointed Lawyer McClintic as Judge of the Federal Court for the Southern District of West Virginia. Of course I knew he would be a great and good judge. However, the State of West Virginia was in a rather poor way at that time; in need of a farsighted and positive man for governor. The then dominant party was not putting forward its best for head man of the State. In short, we, the people, were longing for such an administration of affairs of state as did not come until the election of Governor Kump, three long four year terms later.

At that time, Judge McClintic, as majority leader in the House of Delegates, had proven himself to be the outstanding man of his party and the State. So, I had anticipated his election, to the office of governor, and his effective administration of this our highest State office.

The office of judge is an institution so much more ancient than that of governor, we are all so steeped in Anglo-Saxon lore that we take it for granted a good man will just naturally be picked to fill it regardless. Besides, the ancient office is hedged by tradition, precedent and practice, to be filled by a lawyer whose study, work and experience naturally fits him to exercise the duties of a judge.

As for the comparatively new office of governor, the office of a statesman, it is a position of great responsibility and honor.

He life to properly prepare one for it. The best preparation for the office is a term of service, and Thomas Jefferson so fixed things for us that a governor of West Virginia cannot serve successive terms.

As I expected, Judge McClintic magnified the office of Federal Judge. He made precedents which will be followed. This is particularly true in the matter of probation of first offenders. He will go down in history of American jurisprudence as the father of this merciful and constructive practice. Then, too, there is the matter of his careful consideration and painstaking investigation of every conviction or confession before sentence is meted out or probation granted.

In dealing with his own case in the matter of his retirement, I think I clearly see fine demonstration of Judge McClintic's judicial temperament. He weighed matters as carefully, impersonally and impartially as if he was sitting on a case in court. He is in full strength of his mental faculties; he is physically able to do the work, and to find joy therein. However, he has reached the ripe age of seventy-five years, and he remarked in effect that often times men became old very fast after this age.



Judge to Speak

Federal Judge George W. McClintic, above, will address members of the Charleston Kiwanis club at their weekly luncheon Tuesday at the Daniel Boone hotel. His subject will be "The Work of the Federal Court."

Charleston Kiwanians are making plans to send a delegation to the international convention June 16-20 at Minneapolis, Minn. One of the delegates will be James S. Conley, president of the civic group. Two delegates and two alternates will be elected "in the near future," Club Secretary Mont J. Carmack announced Saturday.

Entertained at Spa



A large number of people were guests of Oscar Nelson of Charleston at The Greenbrier, White Sulphur Springs, after the cattle sale Saturday at Nelson's Marlunda Farms near Lewisburg.

Pictured above (left to right) are Mrs. Fred Engstrom, Fed. Judge George W. McClintic and Osman E. Swartz, all of Charleston.

Judge McClintic To Retire Jan. 14

Federal Jurist Is Known For Peppery Charges To Grand Jury

Federal Judge George W. McIntire, best known for his advocacy of probation for first offenders and for his forthright charges of grand larceny, announced yesterday he would retire on his 75th birthday, Jan. 14, 1941.

By that time he will have served 17½ years on the southern West Virginia district bench. He was appointed by President Warren G. Harding and began his duties July 27, 1917.

McCarthy declined to elaborate upon a brief statement announcing he planned to retire "under the provisions of Title 28, Section 37A, as amended of the United States Code which reads:

To Be Second for FDM

When he steps down, President Roosevelt will have his second opportunity to appoint a federal judge in West Virginia. Judge Harry Watkins of Fairmont, who sits in specified cities in both the northern and southern districts, was the first Roosevelt appointee.

Shen McClintock and Judge W. E. Baker of Elkhart, northern district jurist, are Republicans. Both also were appointed by President Harding, Baker being the first judge named by the Harding administration.

The southern district, composed of 18 counties, has judges of court at Charleston, Bluefield and Huntington. McClede has held court only at Charleston, Lewisburg and Blue-

(Please Turn to Page 18, Col. 4)

Judge McClintic Plans To Retire on Jan. 14



(Continued from Page 1)

field since the appointment of Wat-

Advanced Probation

Although McClintle has been a staunch advocate of probation, we need offenders who appeared before him usually had difficulty advancing satisfactory explanations for their recidivism and habitual violations and rarely received maximum sentences.

The opening of sessions of the federal court invariably attracted considerable interest because of McClure's peppery grand jury charges.

In summing up matters to be brought to the attention of jurors, he never has minced words and his unusual vocabulary added to the edge of his remarks. The judge's words on conditions within his jurisdiction have been widely noted.

Attended Wesleyan College

He was born Jan. 14, 1898, in Pulaski county and was graduated from Roanoke college in 1922 with the degree of bachelor of arts. He then attended the University of Virginia at Charlottesville, graduating three years later with a degree of bachelor of laws.

Judge M'Clintic Dies at Home

**Services Will Be Conducted
At Kanawha Presbyterian
Church Tomorrow**

Services for George Warwick McClintic, 78, retired judge of the United States district court in southern West Virginia, who died at his home, 1898 Kanawha boulevard E., yesterday morning, after a long illness, will be held at 4 p. m. tomorrow at the Kanawha Presbyterian church.

Rev. Warren S. Stone will conduct the services.

The body is to be cremated, and buried at a Masonic service at Spring Hill cemetery, probably next Thursday afternoon with Simpson's mortuary in charge.

Appointed by Harding

Soon after the late President Harding appointed him judge to succeed the late Judge Ben F. Keller, Judge McClintic gained nationwide notice for his decisions in labor injunction cases and his sentences imposed on prohibition law violators.

Judge McClintic was commonly credited with being one of only three of the 84 federal district judges in the nation who consistently and continuously tried to enforce the federal prohibition laws. Judge Cochrane in Kentucky and a judge in a Texas district—between them during the '20's and early '30's frequently had more prisoners to their credit in the federal penal institutions than the other 81 judges combined.

Frequently, in one day, he disposed of 125 prohibition cases in his court. His penitentiary, jail and probation sentences ran from 1,200 to 1,800 a year. He used the federal probation system freely, and was largely credited with proving that it could be made to work under adverse circumstances.

Conducted Trial in New York

He was probably even more bitter toward violators of the narcotic laws.

His charges to his grand jurors were masterpieces of invective against violators of the prohibition and drug laws, and against any racket that drew his passing notice. He commented freely and scathingly on the conduct of public officials, and backed his words with action when he got betrayers of public trust before his bench.

Judge McClintic figured on the national scene frequently. One of these occasions was when he sat in the trial of New York's famous William Fallon, a leading practitioner of criminal law in the racketed days of the 1920's. Fallon acted as his own attorney, and he and Judge McClintic staged a battle of wits and tongue that drew to the New York court room a capacity audience for days. Fallon won an acquittal.

Judge McClintic was born in Putnam county Jan. 14, 1890, the son of William M. and Mary Elsie McClintic, and throughout his life revealed a love of the outdoors that the tensions of his work were constantly inspired.

In his early days, Judge McClintle was a Democrat, but most of his political offices came after he joined the Republican ranks. He was prosecuting attorney of Putnam county, Charleston city solicitor, and member of the house of delegates from Kanawha county, an office he held when he was appointed judge. He was one of the dominant figures in the legislature while he was a member.

The judge was a member of the A. F. and A. M., a Knight Templar, Shiner and Scottish Rite, and a past grandmaster of the West Virginia lodge.

A daughter, Miss Elizabeth McClellie of Charleston, survives.

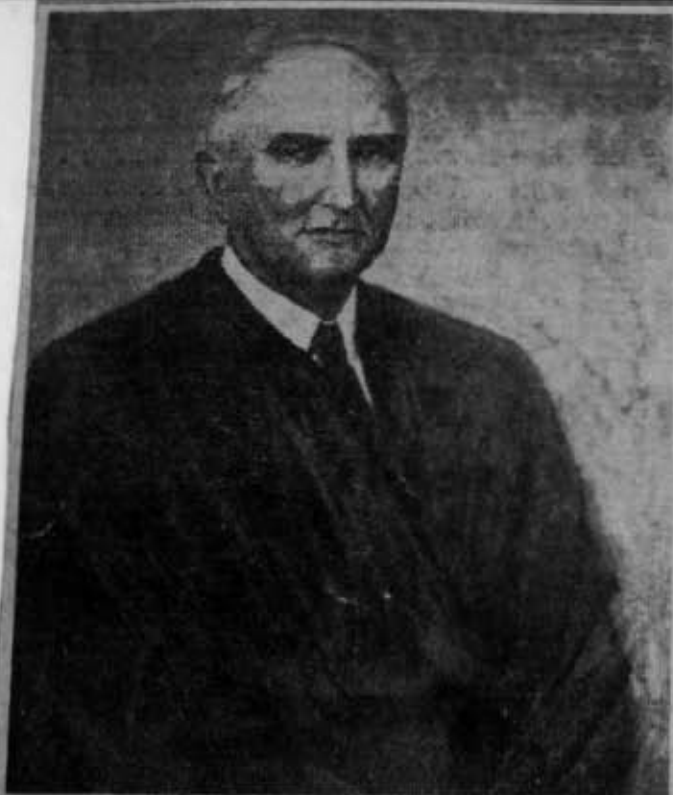
Mrs. McClintic died in 1934, one year before Judge McClintic's health began noticeably to fail. He continued to serve as judge until March 1941, when he retired, but on occasion returned to the bench when other judges in the state were pressed with work.

His successor is Judge Ben Moore, who yesterday said that in the passing of Judge McClintic the "judiciary loses one of its best loved and honored members."

A. Guy Stone, president of the Bar Association of the City of Charleston announced the appointment of the following committee to pay the bar's respects to Judge McClintock's family, offer the sympathy and condolences of the bar and its assistance, and to prepare a suitable memorial:

B. S. Springs, Jr., Fred C. Nix, James O. Warner, A. Holt, former Supreme Court Judge Harold A. Pitt and former Kentucky Common Pleas Judge A. S. Alexander.

NOVEMBER 8, 1942



Judge's Picture to Be Unveiled

Shown is a reproduction of a portrait of the late Federal Judge George W. McClintic, which will be unveiled Thursday afternoon in the district federal court room at memorial services. The portrait is the work of Mrs. R. E. Barnes of 66 North Abney circle. Federal Judges Ben Moore, Harry E. Watkins and William Baker, many prominent attorneys and friends and members of the McClintic family will attend the ceremonies to start at 2 p. m.

Betty
McClintic



MRS. GEORGE W. MCCLINTIC

Funeral services for Mrs. Mary Ethel Knight McClintic, 64 years old, wife of Federal Judge George W. McClintic, who died Sunday morning, August 19, 1934, at their farm on Swago creek in Pocahontas county, after a long illness, will be held at the family residence, 1508 Kanawha street, at 10 a. m., Tuesday.

The family has requested that no flowers be sent.

While Mrs. McClintic was known to be gravely ill, she went with Judge McClintic and members of the family to the farm a few weeks ago to escape the heat of the city. The farm is situated on Swago creek, four miles from Marlinton.

It was thought that Mrs. McClintic would improve under the pleasant rural surroundings but her condition grew worse and death came early Sunday.

Mrs. McClintic was born on January 21, 1870, in Charleston, the daughter of the late Edward Boardman and Hannah Elizabeth (White) Knight. She was educated in private schools of Charleston and at Buchtel College, at Akron Ohio, which is now the University of Akron.

She was married on October 17, 1907, to George Warwick McClintic, who then, and until his appointment about 12 years ago to the federal bench, was actively engaged in the practice of law in Charleston.

Their daughter, Miss Elizabeth Knight McClintic, is a senior at Wellesley College.

Mrs. McClintic was an intelligent and cultured woman, attractive and possessed of great charm. Her life was lived in Charleston, except for summer absences for many years and occasional travel. She had a wide circle of friends both in Charleston and elsewhere. She was a member of the Kanawha Presbyterian Church.

Besides her husband and daughter, Mrs. McClintic is survived by her brother, Edward W. Knight, and his family, and by the widow and family of her deceased brother, Harold W. Knight, all of Charleston. — *Charleston Daily Mail* of August 20, 1934.

Elizabeth, (Betty) McClintic,
daughter of Judge and
Mrs. George McClintic



Property Given For Library



Miss Elizabeth McClintic, of Washington, D. C., and Buckeye, has presented the McClintic house, pictured above, on Tenth Avenue in Marlinton, to the Pocahontas County Library, Inc. The property is located one block from the Court House and is now rented as apartments. There are two apartments in the house and a small cottage at the rear of the lot. The interior is in good shape and the oil furnace is less than ten years old; some paint is needed on the outside. An architect from the Library Commission will inspect the property and make recommendations for any changes needed.

The house was built by the late Jack McClintic, uncle of Miss McClintic and father of Mrs. W. J. (Alice) Moore. He was practicing law in Hunterville when the County seat was moved to Marlinton; he soon tired of riding horses ten miles each day so moved his family to Marlinton.

Such a nice thing to do! Thank you.



Dr. Ernie Shaw, President of the Pocahontas County Library Board, Miss Elizabeth McClintic, Rev. Thomas Henderson, Member of the Library Board, and Fredric Glaser, of the West Virginia Library Commission.

Hunter M. Clintie



FATAL ACCIDENT.

H. H. McClintie Instantly Killed
By a Falling Tree.

H. H. McClintie, a prominent citizen and wealthy farmer of this county, was instantly killed last Friday afternoon on his farm on Williams River by a falling tree. He had spent a few days in consultation with his mother at the home of his brother, L. M. McClintie, and left for home Thursday afternoon. Friday with William McFerrer, an employee, he went to a distant part of his farm with a two-horse team for a load of timber. On the return the doubletree of the wagon broke at a place in the road opposite where a spruce tree had lodged in other trees. Neither went to the house for another doubletree and Mr. McClintie continued to reach the team.

He sat down on the upper side of the road near the butt of the lodged tree, and it is thought he must have gone to sleep as the spot was sheltered and the night before attending to his sheep. The lodged tree had all the blast of the upper part, and a large limb had been cut down across it and broke off a piece eight feet long at the butt without bringing it down, and it is hard to understand why it should fall on a rainy day. Probably some movement on the part of the vessel brought it down. The tree fell and crushed Mr. McClintie under it, falling across the back of his head and shoulders, killing him instantly.

The funeral took place from the home of L. M. McClintie Sunday. Services at the Presbyterian church, conducted by Rev. James McFerrer and Rev. Geo. W. Smith. A large concourse of people attended the services. He leaves surviving him his mother, Mrs. Mary A. McClintie, and four brothers: L. M. McClintie, of Marlinton; Geo. W. McClintie, of Charleston; William McClintie, of this county; and E. D. McClintie of Seattle, Washington. He was 34 years old and unmarried.

In the death of Mr. McClintie Parbouts county loses one of its best and most progressive citizens. He was educated at Bowdoin College, and though well fitted for a professional career, chose life on the farm near to nature, of which he was a close observer and student.

He has made an enviable record for honesty and integrity in all his dealing. He owned the property on the Williams River.

THURSDAY, APRIL 8, 1910

CLINTIE DEATH.

A very sad fatal accident occurred in the woods near the farm of H. H. McClintie, who was instantly killed by a falling tree. Mr. McClintie was on his farm on Williams River, and was engaged in cutting timber. He had a load of wood and was using the doubletree of his wagon to secure another load. The doubletree broke, and the wagon fell, crushing Mr. McClintie under it. He was 34 years old and unmarried. His mother, Mrs. Mary A. McClintie, and four brothers are surviving him. He was a prominent citizen and a wealthy farmer.

Those survive him his mother, Mrs. Mary A. McClintie, and four brothers: L. M. McClintie, of Marlinton; Geo. W. McClintie, of Charleston; William McClintie, of this county; and E. D. McClintie, of Seattle, Washington. He was 34 years old and unmarried.



Edgar M. Clintie, father of
the playwright, Guthrie M. Clintie
of New York.

PLAY DIRECTOR + PRODUCER

AS COUNTY WEST VIRGIN

Death Of E. D. McClintic

A telegram was received here that E. D. McClintic, of Seattle, State of Washington, had departed this life on the morning of October 28, 1929.

Mr. McClintic was a native of Pocahontas county, and was the second son of the late W. H. McClintic, Esquire, of the Swago community, near Marlinton. Of the five sons of this family, E. D. McClintic was the second in point of age. At the time of his death he was about sixty-eight years old. Of the five brothers, W. McClintic, of the old home farm, and Judge Geo. W. McClintic are the survivors.

In his early youth, E. D. McClintic moved to the State of Washington where he was connected as scientist in the United States mint at Seattle, a position he occupied for a great many years. About 1898, he went to Alaska for a short time, but returned to his home and work in Seattle.

During the period of forty years or so since he left Pocahontas County he made few trips to his old home. The writer can recall but one visit back in that time. But he kept up his interest in his native county and in touch with friends here. He has lived a long and useful and happy life and played an important part as a citizen of his country. His early life was spent on the farm. He received a college education at Salem, in Roanoke College.

His wife preceded him to the tomb some years ago. He leaves surviving him one son, Guthrie McClintic, of New York City, a theatrical person who is remembered for the successful play, *The Dover Road*. Mrs. Guthrie McClintic is the famous actress, Katharine Cornell.

Ed McClintic was a big, broad-shoulder, brawny man, a descendant of the McClintic and Mathews families, very much beloved and respected. "Sleep after toyle, port after stormy seas, ease after warre, death after life."

MRS. MCCLINTIC SHE IS EXCEPT ON THE STAGE

**Miss Cornell Keeps
Work and Private
Life Apart.**

Every week-day morning at 11 o'clock or thereabouts, in whatever city Katharine Cornell is acting, there will be seen on some quiet, attractive street or boulevard a slight feminine figure dressed more often than not in tweeds or a simple outdoor costume, walking as swiftly as two dachshunds on a leash will permit. Sometimes a third dog will accompany them, a cocker spaniel famed in the world of the theater by the name of Flush. The promenade will continue for an hour. Occasionally the woman will pause to exchange a few words with some other woman who also has a dog or two in tow.

Probably none of the people she will address will know her as one of the leading actresses of the stage, for she seldom is recognized outside the theater. If her stay in a town is long enough for these morning meetings to grow into more than a nod or a smile, she becomes known as Mrs. McClintic.

For Mrs. McClintic, except on the stage of her theater where she is acting, never is seen in public as Katharine Cornell. In fact, her appearances off-stage are exceedingly rare. Once in the proverbial blue moon she may visit a public restaurant and then the reason is obvious: she is entertaining some one who insists on "seeing the town."

When she is in New York, her week-ends are spent in the country in a small cottage an hour's ride from Times Square. From Saturday midnight until Monday late afternoon, Mrs. McClintic reads, sleeps, walks and talks with a few friends whom she invites for the week-end. If there is a concert, she turns on the radio, but generally it is silent. The house is unpretentious, though comfortably furnished. From its windows, the Hudson may be seen. There are long walks through the trees and there are a few neighbors who may be visited informally.

First Lady a Princess



KATHARINE CORNELL.

An unusual portrait of "The First Lady of the Stage" in her role of the Malay princess in Maxwell Anderson's new play, "The Wingless Victory."

Miss Cornell brings it to the Nixon next week for what has practically come to be her annual visit to Pittsburgh.

Occasionally Mrs. McClintic goes shopping. She has little interest in clothes unless they are for Katharine Cornell. She may indulge in what is for her an orgy of buying dresses and then it will be months before she again will enter a store. Once each week she goes to the hairdresser, a concession to Miss Cornell, to have her coiffure set for the stage. This never is changed in style during the run of a play as Mrs. McClintic's fashion of hair-dress entirely is governed by the role Miss Cornell is acting.

Mrs. McClintic never is late for an appointment, which she confesses is an evil habit, since so few other people are on time. She seldom writes letters and when she does her handwriting is difficult to read. Her mail naturally is voluminous and most of it is answered by her secretary. As she sees her letters, it is unnecessary for unknown correspondents to mark their envelopes "personal." When an autograph is given, it is hers, not her secretary's, but she charges 50 cents for this and gives the money to The Actors' Fund. Her reason is two-fold: It helps The Fund and it eliminates those who really don't care about them, but have nothing else to do except collect signatures.

She dislikes crowds and is extremely shy of strangers. She never has made a speech in her life and in this respect she resembles Miss Cornell, who at the most has never been able to say more than "Thank You" when an audience has insisted she say something. Mrs. McClintic has a season subscription to the Philharmonic and when she is in town seldom misses a concert. With her hat well pulled over her eyes, she always tries to avoid attention.

She was called Katharine because her mother liked that name. She has no "middle" name as her mother knew she would lose it when she married. She likes Katharine spelled as her mother spelled it. She reads all that the critics write about Miss Cornell, but what interests her most is what Mr. McClintic says about the actress. He, it will be remembered, is the stage woman's director.

Mrs. McClintic reads a great deal, two books every three days is her average and of five volumes three will be crime stories, the others being biographies, histories and novels. She has no hobby. She sometimes plays golf and tennis, but at late she has had little time for either. Once carpentering was recommended as a good thing for the nerves. She bought an elaborate set of tools and spent one week-end in the country sawing and hammering. That was the last ever heard of the saw and hammer.

No one knows Mrs. McClintic's opinion of Katharine Cornell, as she rarely mentions her.



Guthrie, Mary and Hunter

Back row Alice and Hunter
 Children of Rockbark McClinton
 Front row:
 Arthur son of Edgar McClinton
 Mary Ruth daughter of
 Rockbark
 Betty daughter of George
 McClinton





A TWENTIETH WEDDING ANNIVERSARY. Katharine Cornell and her husband, Guthrie McClintic, in Philadelphia, celebrate the anniversary of their marriage. The party coincided with the start of a road tour of Shaw's "The Doctor's Dilemma," in which Miss Cornell is the star.
(Photos by Associated Press and International.)

Memories of Alice Moore were written by Rev.

Oyez, Oyez, Oyez!

One of my favorite amusements, as a child, was attending court. Court was held three times a year in our county, and the sessions drew an audience that comprised most of the able bodied people for miles around. Farmers came to town in the morning, bringing their wives and children with them, and spent the day. Their buying, and selling, and trading were all a part of the incidental activities of court week. I can remember our noon dinner table during court, surrounded by countless and casual cousins from Greenbank and the Levels.

A bell in the tower of the Courthouse summoned the devotees. Everyone came. Even the dogs made a point of being present. A water spaniel, belonging to a friend of mine, answered every tolling of that bell, whether his family wnet or not. Whenever the Courthouse bell rang, he hurried to the Courtroom. He even attended Teacher's Institute until those meetings were moved to the High School. He finally came to be looked upon as an honored member of the Bar.

No wonder Court was an integral part of my life, and the life of my friends: Our fathers were lawyers; our uncles, clerks; and our sisters, stenographers. Our houses were grouped around the Courthouse. We were so close to that building and the adjacent jail that our voices carried easily from one to the other. Sometimes they carried too easily. An old man who had worked for us was frequently incarcerated because of his fondness for corn liquor. His cries from the jail window were audible, and usually efficacious. "Oh Lord, Oh Lord, " He would wail. " Come and get me out of this place." My father and the Lord were both omniscient in Bill's mind, - only my father was a more present help, since he invariably bailed Bill out, and the Lord, seemingly, never paid much attention to him.

We used to bet on the outcome of the trials, and argue over our fathers' powers. Each believed her father to be more eloquent and more persuasive than the others. Since they were often opposed, defending and prosecuting, we were at war, too. One of my good friends and I battled over a murder case for years. And this day I don't care whether the man was acquitted or not, I still believe he killed his wife!

When we went to court we did not sit back in the benches provided for the on lookers. No sir, we sat up front with the lawyers. We were a part of the Court. Women, Children and dogs, all cluttered up the bar. We were pretty well behaved, on the whole, quiet and attentive; but not so the dogs. Our Tackel, and Mr. Hill's Rowdy did not care for each other. They were both Airedales, somewhat elderly and set in their ways. In the midst of an important point in a case they were likely to start growling and stalk, stiff - legged, around each other. Sometimes the fight could be averted, but occasionally there was an added attraction in the Court Room - an honest to goodness dog fight. It was unfortunate, of course, when these little disturbances broke the continuity of a trial. It was after one such fracas that the judge threatened to fine my father and Mr. Hill for contempt of court if they brought those damn dogs into the Courtroom again. Poor Tackel! he had to be tied upon court days, thereafter It nearly broke his heart.

Arson, larceny, and manslaughter were a part of my vocabulary when I was still a baby. We followed the procedure of the courtroom and tried cases ourselves. They were never very successful, however, because we could not find, in our number, an impartial judge.

We were all secretly desirous of being called as witnesses. Once my hopes were almost realized. A man broke into our house one night and was about to set our house on fire when my sister surprised him. When he was tried I felt certain I would at last receive the coveted summons. I was the envy of my friends. But the trial was carried on, and a conviction secured, without my assistance. I was insulted; and besides my chin-chilla coat, a variety of clothe, don't misunderstand me, which had been soaked with kerosene by the defendant, was kept in that condition as exhibit A, to be shown to the jury; and the kerosene smell never did come out.

Since our town had no movies and few plays, the courtroom took the place

of the theatre with us. When the curtain rose on an exciting trial we would be in our box seats, the chairs to the right of the judge. Those were our usual places, although during one June term I sat on the open window right beside the jury box. What a week that was; I was almost on the jury! We remained in our seats straight through the performance until noon recess. Then we went home to dinner and heard our fathers' comments on the morning's events. When the afternoon session convened we aired our fathers' opinions with the aplomb of veteran jurists. We weighed the evidence presented with infinite care and patience; and we decided the cases long before the foreman of the jury had handed his little slip of paper to the clerk. The outcome of a trial held for us the same fascination that a football score holds for a modern child. The tense hours of waiting for the verdict are as real to us, even yet, as the hope in my stocking today.

Of course, it might be supposed that our constant attendance in a courtroom result in some damage to our character. Not so, the judge and the court, no doubt flattered by our frank admiration and regular attendance, kept a strict watch upon our morals. Whenever there was anything of a questionable nature to be introduced into the evidence the judge would make his announcement. "All ladies and children must leave the courtroom." And Annie Lange, the timid husky, was always the first to depart!

Music - and the Child

I spent my childhood and grew up in a small town. That phase, grew up, is certainly true, for when I grew I didn't go around with lilies, I grew by the yard, and finally attained a mature height which is still regarded as phenomenal; and which is not altogether unrelated to my musical life, especially the recitals.

In that age and town no female of the species was regarded as a lady unless she had taken, or was taking, music lessons. By music lessons we meant piano lessons. The other musical instruments were sublimely disregarded. My mother, of course, was determined that my social attainments should compare favorably with my friends'. She was even ambitious for me. Once she told me that her joy would know no bounds if someday I could take cousin Grace's place at the Presbyterian Church and play for services!

The question of ability, or talent, or inclination did not enter into consideration. To the society of the town music lessons were in the same category with spelling lessons. They were a necessary part of every young girl's training. To me, they were in the same class with catechism. Only, instead of taking them twice a year, I had a dose twice a week. The only time I laid a finger on the piano was during my half hour lessons. I did not practice; when my mother mentioned the piano, I took to the tree tops.

As the years go past I grow more and more certain that there is no music in my soul. My Aunt Ethel once told me of a relative of hers who said that he knew two tunes, one was Yankee Doodle and one wasn't. I'm not quite in that class. I do know the "Star Spangled Banner" when I hear it, and usually, if the melody is not too obscure I can recognize some of the current popular music. If I hear a piece of music about fifty times I can sing it. Of course, I provide variations not included in the original score, and I don't even know what "key" means; but I can entertain myself when I am sure I am alone.

Nevertheless, I took music lessons for six years. Every Tuesday and every Friday I dragged my music roll and my reluctant feet to Miss Shugro's studio, and endured a half hour of torture. Miss Shugro counted time while I played. I never played more than a few bars until I would make a mistake and have to start over again. As a result, I usually achieved a mechanical knowledge of the first part of the exercises, but I never knew anything about the ending. I would carry a sheet of music about with me until it finally wore out and went to pieces, but I never knew the last lines.

Miss Shugro once called her entire music class together and told us she had decided to give prizes at the end of the year for excellence in our work. She was sure that each of us could win a prize if she only tried. We were all contented, and with our natural gifts all we needed was a little practice. This special dispensation did not bother me at all. I went my usual way and finally spring, and the end of the musical year, arrived. One of my friends told me that each of us was going to receive a prize. To say that I was surprised is not adequate. My curiosity knew no bounds. To save my soul I could not think of any musical excellence of mine that would merit a prize. I gave it up, if Miss Shugro could think of a prize for me, she was an exceedingly smart lady.

Prize day came, and I received a prize for always being on time for my lessons!

The part of my musical education I hated most, the function that, to me, was an agony almost beyond endurance, was the yearly recital. On this superb occasion the town came to the Opera House en masse to hear us play.

An Opera House in a town of less than two thousand inhabitants is a distinct anachronism. The title, however, is not in any way, related to fact, but, since the gentleman who built the edifice thus fancifully dubbed it, it was always the "Opera House" to us. Now it houses some several chevrolets and serves as a garage, but it is still the Opera House. At different stages in its career it served in varied capacities. Originally stock companies performed there, and amateur theatricals were produced upon its stage. It was in the course of a rehearsal for the "Pied Piper of Hamelin," to which I was lending my incomparable histrionic ability in the part of a big grey rat, that I saw in the shadow of the wings, a gentleman kiss a young lady. For years I waited for their surely forth coming marriage. I am still waiting! Basketball games were played there; the Amusu Theatre presented "The Diamond From the Sky" and "The Iron Claw," those worthy serials of an earlier day, within its portals. For a season it became a skating rink. When the Presbyterian Church was being rebuilt our services were held there and unfortunately, during the church era the signs of its former occupations still decorated the building. A cousin of mine from New York, accompanied my mother to church there one Sunday morning. Being possessed of a mad and devilish sense of humor he had to be led, choking, from the "church" upon whose walls he had read, "Don't spit on the Floor." "No reversing," "Twenty Cents an Hour," "No skidding on the corners." "No Drunks Allowed"! My mother was so embarrassed I doubt if she has ever forgiven him.

Our recital, the musical event of the year, became a part of the entertainment provided at the Opera House. We, dressed in our best and scared to death, shivered in the wings while our fond and doting parents waited out front for their prodigies to perform. The yearly program was arranged according to ability, the beginners appearing first and the more skilled players coming, by way of climax, at the end. Needless to say, I was always one of the first performers of the evening. Even when my contemporaries were presenting the grand finale, I, overgrown, awkward, suffering an agony of shyness, stumbled across the stage, and played my little "Tra la la la." As the second on the program in a class of twenty odd. Those recitals did something to my soul. I find I cannot speak of them with levity; they left a permanent scar.

Finally, after six long years, and several fruitless rebellions at home, I took matters into my own hands. When I was excused from the school room to go to the studio, I left the schoolroom but, I never did reach my destination. I would hide for half an hour and read. When I was finally discovered, and the music in my life came to an abrupt but timely end, I was found behind the Episcopal Church reading "The Call of the Wild!"

Pasteurized

For the last twenty years a battle has been raging in Marlinton. I don't mean that we inhabitants have been in a state of siege all that time. We have enjoyed periods of comparative quiet, usually during the winter months, when the skirmishing died down; but we have always known that permanent peace could never be ours. The question involved is of great magnitude and the issue is vital; the citizens are partisan and intolerant; neither side has shown any disposition to mellow with age. Periodically, the fighting breaks out, now at a bridge party, now at the Ladies Aid, now in the jury room. Laides grow insulting, gentlemen angry, children belligerent. Every year a vote is taken, an official vote, in a regular election, and the outcome is always the same; -Cows are allowed to walk the streets of Marlinton unaccompanied. The county paper carries the headline, "Cows Win Again!"

The town is divided; religion, politics and scandal take a back seat when the cow question comes up. Mrs. Martin is the leader of the anti-cow party, and Mr. Snow heads the pro-cow faction. These commanders are unforgiving, and uncompromising. Mrs. Martin and Mr. Snow haven't spoken for years. That is, they haven't spoken to each other; their loquaciousness on the burning

question, in other circles, increases daily. And their methods of proselyting are not always above reproach. Mrs. Alton, an Anti-dow of several years standing, was heard voicing decidedly pro-cow sentiments, recently. Her surprised neighbors investigated and the awful truth was revealed. Mrs. Alton had been the recipient of several gifts of cream from Mr. Snow!

The Pros, of course, are the cow owners. Naturally, they want their animals to eat grass, and the only grazing land in the valley is along the side-walks and on the vacant lots of the town. The Antis, however, complain that therein lies the point of the whole situation. The cows not only graze on the vacant lots, but also in the gardens and yards and shrubbery of the citizens; and this, in spite of the fact that high picket fences surround their property. Gates are sometimes left open by careless people, and the indictment has been made, too, that several cows have opened gates themselves. Each time a resident arises in the morning and finds his spinach devoured, the Antis gain a convert, and the fighting breaks out afresh.

A relative of ours from the city came to visit us one summer. One night he played bridge until past midnight with some friends down the street. When he started home the town was dark. Our town light company, assuming that all good citizens were at home

Page 3. Pasteurized

and safe in their beds by midnight, cut off all the street lights at twelve o'clock. Any people who might be abroad after that late hour, should be ashamed of themselves, and glad to return home, unseen under cover of darkness. At any rate the young man started home, feeling his way along the fences. As he crept along the courthouse walk he stumbled and fell over a formidable and lively object, a suddenly awakened cow. His screams aroused the town.

I, myself, have never been a zealous supporter of either party. I have tried to remain neutral. I am one of those horrid, spineless, creatures who prefer peace at any price. But if I am anything, I guess I am a pro. Although we haven't owned a cow for many years I recollect a delightful parade of my youth. My father led the procession, carrying the milk bucket; I followed, close upon his heels; Tackle, our lame Airedale dog, came next; and my two cats brought up the rear. We marched, morning and evening from our house to the barn. We all superintended the milking, and upon our return to the house assisted in the consumption of the milk. Our ritual never varied. The three bowls on the back porch and one in the kitchen were filled and emptied twice a day.

One summer, after I had been absent for the better part of a year, I casually remarked that the island in the bend of the creek was a picturesque spot; the cows grazing there lent an atmosphere of rural peace rarely found in a town the size of

Marlinton. I realized my mistake before the words were out of my mouth. The two Antis, who were in the car with me, close friends of mine from childhood, have been noticeably cool ever since. The situation, already tense, was not lightened when I had to stop the car at the next corner and wait while a cow took her leisurely way across the street.

Even when I am absent I am kept informed as to developments. The latest bulletin from the front carries surprising news. The cows themselves have taken up the issue now. Heretofore they have shown little interest in the affair, remaining calm and placid and unconcerned. But the constant bickering is beginning to tell. The cows are finally realizing that their far-famed contentment is threatened. They have taken steps. Mr. Barnell's Daisy, wilfully and with malice aforethought, on Tuesday last, had a calf in Mrs. Martin's front yard!

Edgar Family Started R

Capt. Thomas Edgar Built His Home at S

BY GEORGE W. McCLINTIC.

Thomas Edgar was born in Bedford County, Virginia, on the 27th day of September, 1750. His father was George Edgar, and his mother was Elizabeth Edgar. Just when he came to Greenbrier County is not clear to me, but I do know he was there as early as 1780. He then filled the very important office of County Surveyor. In those days a County Surveyor was appointed by the president and professors of the College of William and Mary, but each one was usually recommended by the County Court of the County. This office required a real mathematical education.

The following appears in the record book of Greenbrier County:

"At Court of Quarter Session Begun and Held for the County of Greenbrier August 17, 1784; Thomas Edgar came into court and resigned his office of surveyor of the county; whereupon the Court recommended, according to law, Alexander Welch to the Honorable the President and Professors of the College of William and Mary as a proper person for such office."

In the constitution of the State and the formation of the County of Greenbrier County shown, the county was formed in 1776, and it seems that Thomas Edgar was the first Surveyor of Greenbrier County.

One of his earliest acts as such Surveyor was to...

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It is not generally known to this generation that the territory now Lewisburg apparently was once a lake. There were no trees on that part called the "Savannah." No clearing was necessary, unless for the purpose of clearing out a greater or less thicket of small brush, such as hazelnut, thorn and willow bushes. Around this territory the forest trees were thick, but they ceased abruptly at the high-water mark of the ancient lake bed.

Captain Edgar did survey a forty-acre square, and the square was divided into half-acre lots and sold. The original trustees of the Town of Lewisburg, of which Thomas Edgar was one, were sworn to withhold the title to a lot until the purchaser had built a cabin fifteen feet square, with a stone chimney. It is said that Captain Matthew Arbuckle bought one of these lots and built his cabin as a nucleus for the town.

Thomas Edgar lived four miles from the Town of Lewisburg on the lands upon which the City of Hanceville now stands.

In the record of Greenbrier County Court in of February 17th, 1797, the following item appears thereon:

"Thomas Edgar requests the County Surveyor to re-survey his lands wherever he now lives at St. Lawrence."

The writer of this article wonders if this is where the name of the St. Lawrence River & Manufacturing Company, which is long spread at Hanceville came.

Thomas Edgar married Ann McClintock, daughter of Andrew and Laura McClintock, at St. Lawrence, on the 21st day of March, 1798. She was born on the

feather bed, six.
Rate for ordinary
chaff bed, four;
Wine per gallon—
Whiskey per gallon—
Hay for horses, two
one shilling, three
Oats per gallon—
Corn per gallon—
Certainly these are
too much profit to
"ordinary."

In the session of
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20th day of October, 1955.

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used, and still later the word "hotel"
came into common use. I have seen
orders of county courts which licensed
persons to keep what was called, in
those times, "places of entertain-
ment." At least we can say that the
"best families" were doing it, and many
farmers and landholders got licenses
for that purpose. The great immigra-
tion West in those days, and for a
great many years afterwards, undoubt-
edly made this line of business, when
conducted reasonably profitable.

It might not be uninteresting to say
that in those days, and for many years
afterwards, the County Court fixed the
prices of lodging, meals, wines and
liquors. A sample page wherein the
Court fixed such things (in January,
1782) is as follows:

"Rate for ordinaries—lodging in
feather bed, six pence.
Rate for ordinaries—lodging in
straw bed, four pence.
Wine per gallon—twenty shillings.
Whisky per gallon—ten shillings.
Hay for horses, twenty-four hours,
one shilling, three pence.
Oats per gallon—six pence.
Corn per gallon—seven pence."

Certainly these rates did not allow
too much profit to the keeper of an
"ordinary."

In the session of the Legislature of
Virginia, begun October 18th, 1780,
and ending December 18th, 1780, Thomas
Edgar and William Hunter Commis-
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Wine per gallon—twenty shillings.
Whiskey per gallon—ten shillings.
Hay for horses, twenty-four hours,
one shilling, three pence.
Oats per gallon—six pence.
Corn per gallon—nine pence."

Certainly these rates did not allow too much profit to the keeper of an "ordinary."

In the session of the Legislature of Virginia, begun October 18th, 1790, and ending December 29th, 1790, Thomas Edgar and William Hunter Cavendish were the members from Greenbrier County. The writer of this article mentions William Hunter Cavendish for the reason that in 1804 he became the husband of Alice Mann McCulloch, the then widowed great-grandmother of this writer.

Thomas Edgar continued to be a very leading citizen, in every proper sense of the word, of the County of Greenbrier until his death, which occurred on the 15th day of July, 1822.

He was one of the executors of the estate of his father-in-law, Archer McCulloch, who died in 1785. He looked after many public affairs in the government of the county, and continued to be a member of the County Court.

Recently the city of Greenbrier has named his memory, and that of the Edgar family, by changing the name of the street called "Market Avenue" to "Edgar Avenue."

There is a tradition in the Edgar family that the lands of Greenbrier were granted to Thomas Edgar by some

1797. Eighty-three acres Spring Creek in 1809; Nine hundred thirty acres adjoining Holesapple in 1801.

All these grants were made in Greenbrier County. The same index shows that he had a grant of ninety-three hundred thirty acres of land Kanawha River, in Montgomery County in 1797.

The records compiled in the so-called "Dunamore's War" show that Thomas Edgar was a soldier in the Battle of Point Pleasant on the 10th of October, 1774. The family tradition is that this was our Thomas Edgar. This writer has not had the time or opportunity to look up the records of what is termed the "Revolutionary War," and details cannot be given of his service therein.

The children of the union of Thomas Edgar and Ann Mathews Edgar were:

ELIZABETH EDGAR, born 1781, died 1786.

LETTIE EDGAR, born July 24, 1781.

SARAH EDGAR, born 1783.

MARY EDGAR, born July 1785.

LEWIS EDGAR, born Jan. 1787.

THOMAS EDGAR JR., born the 1st day of August, 1797.

ARCHER MATHEWS EDGAR, born July 2, 1799, and

ANN M. EDGAR, born the 31st day of March, 1801.

Of the children named above, Elizabeth Edgar married a Mr. Brown and died in Oak Grove, Alabama, on June 1st, 1865.

Mary Edgar married Arthur Walkup, and she died on the 15th day of July, 1821, leaving one daughter, Ann Eliza Walkup.

Lewis Edgar married James Withers, died on the 9th day of June, 1844. The children of her marriage with James Withers were James, John, Edgar, Mary, Lucy, Maria, Margaret, Elizabeth, Virginia, Sarah and Lettie. Two children of this marriage, to-wit, James and John, became very leading citizens of the town of Lewisburg.

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ARCHER MATTHEW EDGAR, born July 2, 1799, and

ANN M. EDGAR, born the 3rd day of March, 1803.

Of the children named above, both Edgar married a Mr. Brown and died in Gainesville, Alabama, on June 21st, 1883.

Mary Edgar married Arthur Walkup, and she died on the 12th day of July, 1818, leaving one daughter, Ann Eliza Walkup.

Leatha Edgar married James Withrow, died on the 9th day of June, 1834. The children of her marriage with James Withrow were James, John, Edgar, Mary, Lucy, Maria, Margaret, Elizabeth, Virginia, Sarah and Letitia. Two children of this marriage, John James and John, became very leading citizens of the town of Lewisburg.

James Withrow Jr. married Mary Jane Kincaid, and had a large family of children, all of whom have passed away except his daughter, Mrs. Anna Montgomery, who lives in Franklin, Kentucky, and his only descendant living in the County of Greenbrier is James Withrow and Nancy Withrow Burke.

Sarah Edgar married Mr. Morris, of Christian County, Kentucky, and the writer is not advised as to any descendants.

Lewis Edgar died on the 15th day of August, 1798.

Thomas Edgar Jr. married Ellen Buchanan. He died on the 20th day of March, 1863, at Madison, Mississippi. He left descendants: Colonel George Buchanan Edgar, Mrs. Ann Edgar Buchanan, Miss Kate Edgar, and James Thomas Edgar, all born in Monroe County, West Virginia.

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George Mathews Edgar was born on the 1st day of March, 1837, and died on the 18th day of October, 1913. He married Rebecca Fry on the 14th day of November, 1867. The children of this union were: Gertrude Douglass, who married Dr. John T. Van Bant, of Kentucky; Elizabeth Randolph, who married Judge Orman Somerville, of Alabama; George Thomas Edgar; John B. Edgar; Russell Bliss Edgar, and Graham Edgar.

George Mathews Edgar was a Confederate soldier, the Colonel of the well known, in the Greenbrier Valley, Edgar's Battalion. He was recognized as a very brave soldier, and he fought in many battles. Two local newspapers were two engagements during the Lewisburg campaign—one in 1862 and the other in the spring of 1863; and he was credited with many instances, with a few of his own, from destruction.

He was awarded a handsome sword by the nation of Lewisburg. His battalion received valuable service in the Battle of Dry Mountain. He was especially conspicuous for gallantry in the Battle of Cold Mountain.

The courage and efficiency of Col. Edgar was attested by various reports of superior officers, which are to be found in the records of the war between the States.

Mrs. Kate Edgar never married, and lived to the advanced age of eighty-three years.

Mrs. Ann Edgar Randolph married Dr. Thomas Randolph, of Knoxville, Kentucky, and after his death she re-

by the ladies of Lexington. He rendered valuable service in the Battle of New Market. He was especially conspicuous for gallantry in the Battle of Cold Harbor.

The courage and efficiency of Col. Edgar was attested by various reports of superior officers, which are to be found in the records of the War between the States.

Mrs. Kate Edgar never married, and lived to the extreme age of ninety-three years.

Mrs. Ann Edgar Randolph married Dr. Thomas Randolph, of Hopkinsville, Kentucky, and after his death she became a missionary to China and Japan for twenty-two years, for the Southern Presbyterian Church. In her comparatively old age she returned to the United States and lived, for many years, at the Presbyterian Home in Petersburg, Virginia, and died there in March, 1901.

Arthur Matthews Edgar married Mary H. Pearle in Giles County, Virginia, on the 15th day of January, 1868. Their children were Henry Clay Edgar, born on the 2nd day of January, 1869, who died in infancy on the 1st day of October, 1873.

Elizabeth Ann Edgar was born the 25th day of November, 1874, and married Lewis S. Cough on the 1st day of January, 1898. She died on the 15th day of September, 1907. They had one son, Alfred Edgar Cough.

Alfred Matthew Edgar was born on the 1st day of July, 1907, and died in 1911. He was a cadet in the Confederate Army and held the rank of Captain of a company. He was in many battles and served as one of the leaders of soldiers.

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on the 20th day of January, 1832. Their children were Henry Clay Edgar, born on the 3rd day of January, 1835, and who died in infancy on the 20th day of October, 1832.

Elizabeth Ann Edgar was born the 15th day of November, 1814, and married Lewis B. Creigh on the 4th day of January, 1840. She died on the 10th day of September, 1897. They had one son, Alfred Edgar Creigh.

Alfred Mallory Edgar was born on the 15th day of July, 1847, and died in 1911. He was a soldier in the Confederate Army, and held the rank of Captain of a company. He was in many battles and ranked as one of the best of soldiers.

He married Lydia McNeil on the 15th day of June, 1875. They lived in Buchanan County. The children of this marriage were Della Howard, who married Frank Raymond; Elizabeth Sue Edgar, who married Harvey Winters McNeil; Alice F. Edgar, who married Caroline Green; George Frank Edgar, who married Laura Cullum, and Rachel A. Edgar, who married Moffat McNeil.

Charles F. Edgar was born the 15th day of December, 1839, and married George Perry. Their children were William Richard Perry and—

Thomas Hove Edgar was born on the 10th day of March, 1841. He was never married. He died on the 20th day of February, 1914.

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married on the 10th day of December, 1874.

The last child of Thomas Edgar and Ann Mathews Edgar was Ann Mathews Edgar. She was born on the 31st day of March, 1882. She married Sampson Leathard Mathews, and died on the 10th day of August, 1879. The only child of this marriage was Mary Ann Mathews, born on the 11st day of October, 1886. She was married on the 14th day of June, 1893, to William Hunter McClain.

The children of this marriage were Lavinia Mathews McClain, born on the 10th day of April, 1889; Edgar Edgar McClain, born on the 14th day of March, 1891; Henry Hunter McClain, born on the 14th day of June, 1893; William McClain, born on the 22nd day of April, 1894, and the writer of this paper, George Warwick McClain, born on the 14th day of January, 1896. All of whom, except the last named, have passed away.

Edward Edgar Craig was long a leading citizen in the city of Knoxville, in the business world and in his church, and was very well known and respected in his whole of Greenbrier County. He married Minnie Bates, who is still living. The children of this union were Edgar Bates Craig, Louis

The children of this marriage were Lockhart Mathews McClintic, born on the 12th day of April, 1860; Edgar Dugas McClintic, born on the 14th day of March, 1861; Henry Hunter McClintic, born on the 18th day of June, 1862; Withrow McClintic, born on the 22nd day of April, 1864, and the writer of this paper, George Warwick McClintic, born on the 14th day of January, 1866. All of whom, except the last named, have passed away.

Alfred Edgar Creigh was long a leading citizen in the city of Ronceverte, in the business world and in his church, and was very well known and respected in the whole of Greenbrier County. He married Minnie Betts, who is still living. The children of that union were: Edgar Betts Creigh; Lewis Stuart Creigh; John Preston Creigh; David Betts Creigh; Sarah Ide Creigh; William Betts Creigh; Elizabeth Edgar Creigh; Thomas Frederick Creigh; Charles Stuart Creigh; Samuel Finley Creigh, and Alfred Edgar Creigh.

Two of these have passed away, to-wit: John Preston Creigh and David Betts Creigh. The others have scattered, and are respected citizens in various parts of the United States. Four of them were soldiers in the World War at one time, and I well remember Alfred Edgar Creigh wearing, with pride, the emblem of four stars.

The above tells, in a small way of the life of a man who was very prominent in Greenbrier County from the time of its making to the date of his death in 1922. It is written without giving to it the same old sentiment to relate that his life mattered.

Edgar Creigh. The others have scattered, and are respected citizens in various parts of the United States. Four of them were soldiers in the World War at one time, and I well remember Alfred Edgar Creigh wearing, with pride, the emblem of four stars.

The above tells, in a small way of the life of a man who was very prominent in Greenbrier County from the time of its making to the date of his death in 1883. It is written without giving to it the time and attention to details that his life deserves.

He was buried in the graveyard adjoining the Old Stone Church in Lewisburg. His widow, Ann Matthews Edgar, survived him thirty years, and was buried in the same graveyard in 1913.

Many other Edgar connections came to Greenbrier County, and lived and died there, the most notable one being Mary, sometimes called "Folly," Edgar, who became the wife of Joseph Matthews and who was the grandmother of Governor Henry Mason Matthews and Captain Alexander Ferdinand Matthews. Thomas Edgar's descendants have a right to feel proud of this ancestor, knowing that in his lifetime he was a useful citizen, respected and loved by the people of Greenbrier County.